

FIESCO;
OR THE
GENOESE CONSPIRACY;
A
TRAGEDY.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN
OF
FREDERICK SCHILLER,
AUTHOR OF THE ROBBERS, &c.

BY
G. H. N. AND J. S.

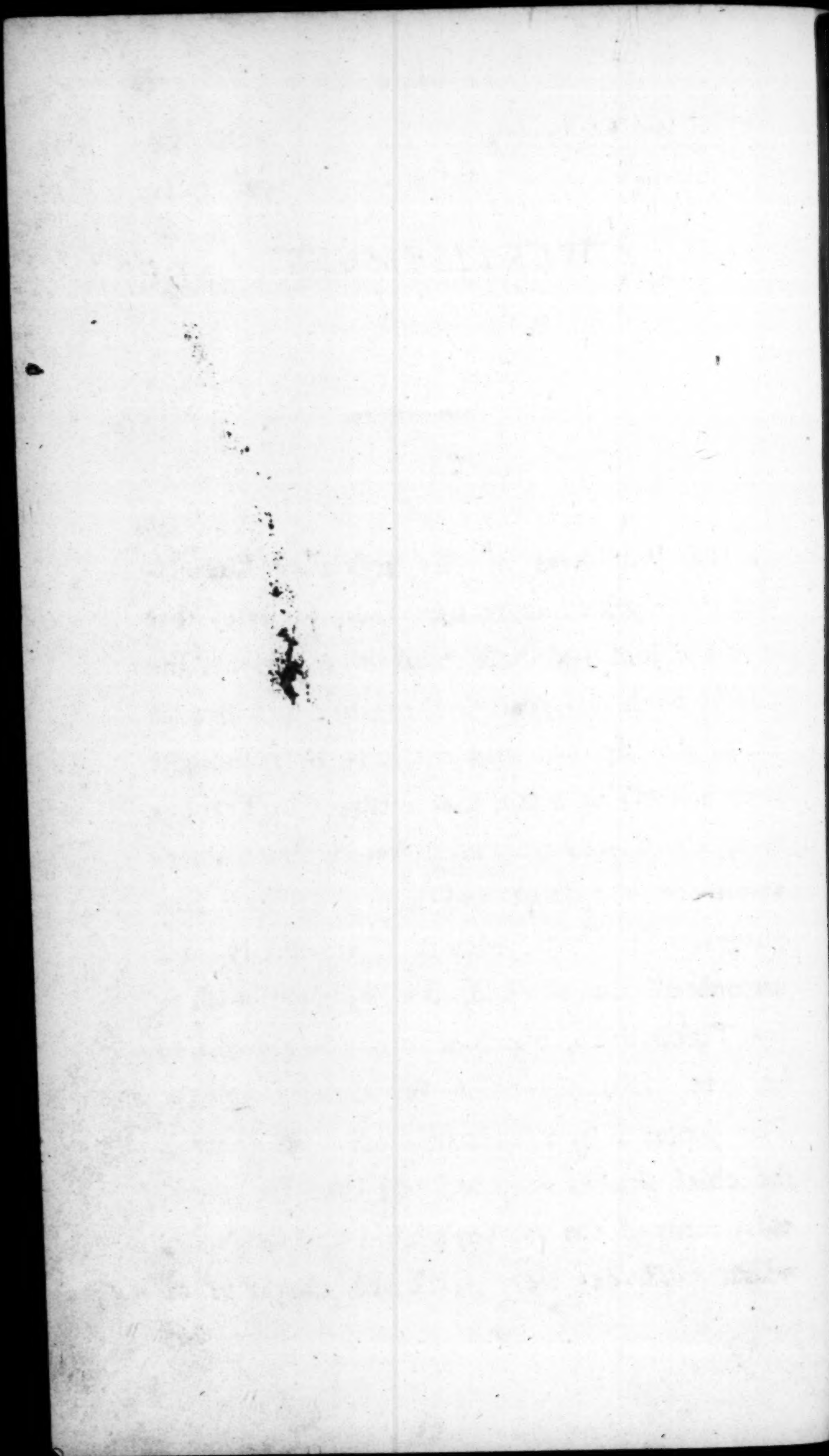
Nam id facinus imprimis ego memorabile existumo,
sceleris atque periculi novitate.

SALLUST. De Bel. Catil.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Publishers of the following Translation think it incumbent upon them to state, that it is the joint production of two persons, the one by birth a German, the other a native of England. By their united efforts they thought it most likely to attain that accuracy in Translation, which can only arise from a strict observation of the spirit and idioms of both languages. To a deficiency in this point it must undoubtedly be ascribed, that we meet with so few Translations, which are what they ought to be, viz. faithful copies of their Originals. The context, and narration are, in general, the chief objects attended to; but the particular turns of the Author's mind and language, which most decisively mark the character of his

▲ 2

his

his style and genius, are frequently neglected, in the same degree as they are difficult to be discriminated and conveyed in a Translation. It is not easy to do entire Justice to such a Writer as SCHILLER: his imagination sometimes confounds the perspicuity of interpretation; and his conceptions often defy the power of language. Some of his dramatic productions have already been presented to the English reader; the ROBBERS in particular, has acquired a great degree of popularity: and it has been the endeavour of the Translators of the present Tragedy, not to weaken the Author's claim to the Approbation of the Public, by their inaccuracy or negligence.



PREFACE.

P R E F A C E

BY THE

AUTHOR.

THE chief sources from which I have drawn the History of this Conspiracy are, Cardinal de Retz's *Conjuration du Comte Jean Louis de Fiesque*, the *Histoire des Gènes*, and the third vol. of *Robertson's History of Charles the Fifth*.

The liberties which I have taken with the historical facts, will be excused, if I have succeeded in my attempt; and if not, it is better that my failure should appear in the effusions of fancy, than in the delineation of truth. Some deviation from the real catastrophe of the
conspiracy,

conspiracy, (according to which, the Count accidentally perished* when his schemes were nearly ripe for execution) was rendered necessary by the nature of the Drama, which does not allow the interposition either of chance, or of a particular providence. It would be matter of surprise to me that this subject has never been adopted by any tragic writer, did not the circumstances of its conclusion, so unfit for dramatic representation, afford a sufficient reason for such a neglect. Beings of a SUPERIOR nature may discriminate the finest links of that chain, which connects an individual action with the system of the universe, and may perhaps behold them extended to the utmost limits of time, past and future; but man seldom sees more than the simple facts, divested of their various relations of cause and effect. The writer, therefore, must adapt his performance to the

* Fiesco, after having succeeded in the chief objects of his undertaking, happened to fall into the sea, whilst hastening to quell some disturbances on board of a vessel in the harbour; the weight of his armour rendered his struggles ineffectual, and he perished. The deviation from history in the Tragedy might have been carried farther, and would perhaps have rendered it more suitable to dramatic representation. T—

short-sightedness of human nature, which he would enlighten ; and not to the penetration of Omniscience, from which all intelligence is derived.

In my Tragedy of the Robbers it was my object to delineate the victim of an extravagant Sensibility ; here I endeavor to paint the reverse, a victim of Art and Cabal. But, however strongly marked in the page of history the unfortunate project of Fiesco may appear, on the stage it may perhaps prove less interesting. If it be true, that sensibility alone awakens sensibility, we may from thence conclude, that the political hero is so much the less calculated for dramatic representation, the more necessary it is to lay aside the feelings of a man, in order to become a political hero.

It was, therefore, impossible for me to breathe into my fable that glowing life, which animates the pure productions of poetical inspiration ; but in order to render the cold and sterile actions of the Politician capable of affecting the human heart, I was obliged to seek a clue to those actions, in the human heart

heart itself. I was obliged to blend together the Man and the Politician, and to draw from the refined intrigues of state, situations interesting to humanity. The relations which I bear to society, are such as unfold to me more of the heart than of the cabinet: and perhaps this very political defect, may have become a poetical excellence.

DRAMATIS

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ANDREAS DORIA, Duke of Genoa, a venerable old man, of eighty years of age, retaining the traces of a high spirit: the chief features in his character are dignity, and a rigid brevity in command.

GIANETTINO DORIA, Nephew of the former, and pretender to the Ducal power, twenty-six years of age, rough and forbidding in his address, deportment and manners, with a vulgar pride and disgusting features.

N. B. Both the Dorias wear scarlet.

FIESCO, Count of Lavagna, chief of the conspiracy, a tall, handsome young man of twenty-three years of age; his character is that of dignified pride, and majestic affability, with courtly complaisance and deceitfulness.

N. B. All the nobles wear black, and the dress is entirely in the old German style.

VERRINA, a determined republican, sixty years of age; grave, austere, and inflexible; a marked character.

BOURGOGNINO, a conspirator, a youth of twenty; frank and high-spirited; proud, hasty and undisguised.

CALCAGNO, a conspirator, a worn-out debauchee of thirty; insinuating and enterprising.

SACCO, a conspirator, forty-five years of age, with no distinguishing trait of character.

LOMELLINO, in the confidence of the pretender, a haggard courtier.

ZENTURIONE,	}	Malcontents.
ZIBO,		
ASSERATO.		

ROMANO.

ROMANO, a painter, frank and simple, with the pride of genius.

MULEY HASSAN, a Moor of Tunis, an abandoned character, with a physiognomy displaying an original mixture of rascality and humour.

A GERMAN of the Ducal body guard, of an honest simplicity, and steady bravery.

Three Seditious Citizens.

LEONORA, the wife of Fiesco, eighteen years of age, of great sensibility; her appearance pale and slender, engaging, but not dazzling; her countenance marked with melancholy; her dress black.

JULIA, Countess dowager IMPERIALI, sister of the younger Doria, aged twenty-five; a proud coquette, in person tall and full, her beauty spoiled by affectation, with a sarcastic maliciousness in her countenance; her dress black.

BERTHA, daughter of Verrina, an innocent girl.

ROSA,
ARABELLA, } Maids of Leonora.

Several Nobles, Citizens, Germans, Soldiers, Thieves.

SCENE, GENOA.—Time, the Year 1547.

FIESCO.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

A Saloon in FIESCO's House. The distant Sound of Dancing and Music is heard.

LEONORA, *mask'd*, and attended by ROSA and ARABELLA, enters *hastily*.

LEONORA. (*Tears off her mask.*)

SAY no more—not a word more. It is as clear as day. (*She throws herself into a chair*) This quite overcomes me—

Arabella. My lady!

Leonora. (*Rising*) What, before my eyes! with a known coquet! and in the sight of the whole nobility of Genoa. (*Much affected*) Rosa—Arabella—before my weeping eyes.

Rosa. Consider it only as a piece of gallantry. It was no more.

Leonora. Gallantry! What! Their busy interchange of looks—the anxious watching of each other's glances—the kiss eagerly and long imprinted on her naked arm, its fervor marked by a deep spot of glowing crimson. Ah, and the transport that enwrap'd
his

his soul, when with fixed eyes he fate like *painted ecstasy*; as if the world around him were blown away, and nought remained in the eternal void, but him and Julia. Gallantry! Poor thing! Thou hast never loved. Think not that thou canst teach me to distinguish gallantry from love.

Rosa. No matter, Madam—to lose a husband is to gain ten lovers.

Leonora. To lose!—Is this slight shock of sensibility a proof that I have lost Fiesco? Go, hateful slanderer! Never again appear before me! 'Twas an innocent frolic—perhaps a piece of gallantry—Say, my dear Arabella, was it not so?

Arabella. Doubtless it was, Madam.

Leonora. (*In a reverie*) Is it so? Does she then know herself the mistress of his heart? Does her name lurk in his inmost thoughts, meet him in every movement of his mind?—What ideas are these? Whither will they lead me? Can it be, that this beautiful majestic world is to him nothing but the precious diamond, whereon her image—her image only is engraved? Love her! Love Julia! Oh! Your arm—support me, Arabella!

(*A pause, Music is again heard*)

Leonora. (*Starting*) Hark! Was not that Fiesco's voice, which from the tumult penetrated even hither? Can he laugh, while his Leonora weeps in solitude? Oh, no, my child, it was the coarse loud voice of Gianettino.

Arabella. It was, Signora—but, come into another apartment.

Leonora. You change colour, Arabella—you are false. In your eyes, in the looks of all the inhabitants of Genoa, I read a something—a something which—(*biding her face*) oh, certainly they know more than a wife's ear should be acquainted with!

Rosa. Ah, how does jealousy magnify every trifle!

Leonora. (*With a melancholy enthusiasm*) When he was still Fiesco, when in the orange grove, where we damsels walked, I saw him—a blooming Apollo matured into the manly beauty of Antinous!—Such was his

his noble and sublime deportment, as if the illustrious state of Genoa rested alone upon his youthful shoulders. Our eyes stole trembling glances at him, and shrunk back, as if with conscious guilt, whenever they encountered the lightning of his looks. Ah Arabella, how we devoured those looks! with what anxious envy did every one count those that were directed to her companions! they fell among us, like the golden apple of discord—tender eyes burned more fiercely—soft bosoms beat more wildly—jealousy burst asunder all our bonds of friendship—

Arabella. I remember it well. All the females of Genoa were in a tumult of contention for a prize so beauteous.

Leonora. (*Enraptured*) And now to call him mine! giddy, wondrous fortune!—to call the boast of Genoa mine! (*with pleasure*) who from the chisel of the exhaustless artist, Nature, sprang forth all-perfect, combining every greatness of his sex in the most lovely union. Hear me, damsels! I can no longer conceal it—hear me! I confide to you something (*with a look of secrecy*)—a thought—when I stood at the altar with Fiesco, his hand laid in mine, a thought, too daring for woman, rushed across me. “This Fiesco, whose hand now lies in thine—thy Fiesco”—But hush! lest any one should hear us thus boasting of my husband—“This, thy Fiesco”—ah, why can you not share my feelings!—“will free Genoa from its tyrants.”—

Arabella. (*Astonished*) And this thought came to a female mind amid the nuptial ceremonies?

Leonora. Yes, my Arabella,—well may’st thou be astonished—to the bride it came, even in the joy of the bridal day. (*More animated*) I am a woman, but I feel the nobleness of my blood. I cannot bear to see these proud Dorias thus overtop our family. The good old Andreas—it is a pleasure to esteem him—may indeed, unenvied, bear the ducal dignity; but Gianettino is his nephew—his heir—And Gianettino has a proud and wicked heart. Genoa trembles be-

B

fore

fore him, and Fiesco (*much affected*) Fiesco—weep with me, damsels!—loves his sister.

Arabella. Alas, my wretched mistress!

Leonora. Go now, and see this demi-god of Genoa, amid the shameless circles of debauchery and lust! hear the vile jests and wanton ribaldry with which he entertains his base companions! that is Fiesco—ah, damsels, not only Genoa has lost its hero, but I have lost my husband—

Rosa. Speak lower! somebody is coming through the gallery.

Leonora. (*With sudden alarm*) 'Tis Fiesco—let us hasten away—the sight of me might for a moment interrupt his happiness—

(*She hastens into a side-apartment. The maids follow her.*)

SCENE II.

GIANETTINO DORIA *masked, in a green Cloak,*
and THE MOOR, *enter in Conversation.*

Gianettino. Thou hast understood what I have been saying?

Moor. Well—

Gianettino. The white mask—

Moor. Well—

Gianettino. I say, the *white* mask—

Moor. Well—well—well—

Gianettino. Dost thou mark me? Direct it *here*—
(*pointing to his breast.*)

Moor. Give yourself no concern.

Gianettino. And let the blow be hard.

Moor. He shall be satisfied.

Gianettino. (*Maliciously*) That the poor Count may not have long to suffer.

Moor. With your leave, Sir, a word—at what weight do you estimate his head?

Gianettino. At the weight of an hundred sequins—

Moor. (*Blowing through his fingers*) Poh! as light as a feather.

Gianettino. What art thou muttering there?

Moor.

Moor. I was saying, it is light work.

Gianettino. That is thy concern—He is a load-stone that attracts around it all the seditious fellows in the state—Mark me, Sirrah!—let thy blow be sure—

Moor. But Sir, I must to Venice, immediately after the deed.

Gianettino. Then take my thanks beforehand. (*He throws him a bank note.*) In three days, at farthest, he must be cold. [Exit.

Moor. (*Picking up the note*) Well, this is surely dealing upon credit, to trust the simple word of such a rogue as I am. [Exit.

SCENE III.

CALCAGNO, behind him SACCO, both in black Cloaks.

Calcagno. I perceive thou watchest all my steps.

Sacco. And I observe thou wishest to conceal them from me. Attend, Calcagno! for some weeks past I have remarked the workings of thy countenance. They bespeak a different secret than that which concerns the interests of our country. Brother, I should think that we might mutually exchange our confidence without a loss on either side. What say'st thou? wilt thou be sincere?

Calcagno. So truly, that thou shalt not need to dive into the inmost recesses of my soul: my heart shall fly half way to meet thee on my tongue—I love the countess of Fiesco.

Sacco. (*Steps back with astonishment*) That, at least, I should not have discovered, had I made all possibilities pass in review before me. Thy choice itself my mind is tortured to account for; but its success would overwhelm me with astonishment.

Calcagno. They say, she is a pattern of the strictest virtue.

Sacco. They lie. She is the whole volume on the text of absurdity. Calcagno, thou must choose one

or the other—either to give up thy heart, or thy profession.

Calcagno. The Count is faithless to her; and of all the arts that may seduce a woman, the subtlest is jealousy. A plot against the Dorias will at the same time occupy the Count, and give me easy access to his house. Thus, while the shepherd guards against the wolf, the fox shall unobserved make havock of the poultry.

Sacco. Incomparable brother! receive my thanks! a blush is now superfluous, and I can tell thee openly what just now I was half ashamed to think. I am a beggar if the government be not soon overturned.

Calcagno. What, are thy debts so great?

Sacco. So immense, that even one tenth of them would more than swallow up ten times my income. A convulsion of the state will give me breath, and if it do not cancel all my debts, at least 'twill stop the mouths of bawling creditors.

Calcagno. I understand thee: and if, amidst this bustle, Genoa should chance to become free, Sacco will be hail'd his country's saviour. Let no one trick out to me the thread-bare tale of honesty, when I see the fate of empires hang upon the bankruptcy of a prodigal, and the lust of a debauchee. By Heaven, Sacco, this looks like Providence, to heal the corruptions in the heart of the state by the vile ulcers on its limbs. Is thy design unfolded to Verrina?

Sacco. As far as it can be unfolded to a patriot. Thou knowest his iron integrity, which ever tends to that one point, his country. His hawk-like eye is now fixed on Fiesco, and he has half conceived a hope of thee to join the bold conspiracy.

Calcagno. Oh he's sagacious! Come, let's seek for him, and blow up the flame of liberty within his breast by our accordant spirit. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE IV.

JULIA *agitated with Anger, and FIESCO, in a white Mask, following her.*

Julia. My servants!—footmen!

Fiesco. Countess, whither are you going?—What do you intend?—

Julia. Nothing—nothing at all.—(*enter servants*)
—Let my carriage draw up—

Fiesco. Pardon me, it must not—You are offended—

Julia. Oh by no means—Away—you tear my dress to pieces.—Offended! Who is here that can offend me? Go, pray go—

Fiesco. (*Upon one knee*) Not till you tell me, what impertinent—

Julia. (*Stands still, in an haughty attitude*)—Fine!—This is very fine.—It should be beheld.—Oh, that the Countess of Lavagna might be called to view this charming scene! How, Count! is this like a husband! This posture would suit well the chamber of your wife, when she turns over the journal of your caresses, and finds a break in the accounts. Rise Sir, and seek those to whom your services may prove more acceptable.—Rise—unless you think your gallantries will excuse your wife's impertinence.

Fiesco. (*Jumping up*) Impertinence! To you?

Julia. To break up! To push away her chair! To turn her back upon the table, on that table, Count, where I was sitting—

Fiesco. 'Tis inexcusable.

Julia. And is that all? O admirably played! Am I, then, to blame, because the Count sees with discerning eyes?

Fiesco. If they are dazzled, Madam, 'tis only by your beauty.

Julia. Away with compliment where honour is concerned—Count, I insist on satisfaction—Where shall I find it, in you, or in my uncle's vengeance?

Fiesco. Find it in the arms of love—Of love, that would repair the offence of jealousy.

Julia. Jealousy! Poor thing! What would she wish for? (*admiring herself in the glass*) Is it not compliment enough, when I declare her taste my own? (*haughtily*) Doria, and Fiesco!—If Doria's niece approve the Countess of Lavagna's choice, it is sufficient honour. (*In a friendly tone, offering the Count her hand to kiss*) Count, suppose I should approve it?

Fiesco. (*With animation*) Cruel Countess! Thus to torment me. I know, divine Julia, that respect is all I ought to feel for you. My reason bids me bend a subject's knee before the race of Doria; but my heart adores the beautiful Julia—My love is criminal, but 'tis heroic, for it overleaps the boundaries of rank, and soars toward the sun of majesty.

Julia. O ill-contrived excuse! Whilst his tongue defies me, his heart beats beneath the picture of another.

Fiesco. Rather say, it beats indignantly against it, and would shake off the odious burthen. (*Taking the picture of LEONORA which is suspended by a sky-blue ribband from his breast, and delivering it to JULIA.*) Place your own image on that altar, and you will instantly annihilate this idol.

Julia. (*Pleased, puts by the picture hastily*) This sacrifice indeed deserves my thanks—So, my slave, henceforth bear the badge of your service. (*Hangs her own picture about his neck—and exit.*)

Fiesco. (*With transport.*) Julia loves me—Julia—I would not envy even a God. (*exulting*) Let this night outdo the pleasures of the Gods. Joy shall attain its summit. Ho! within there! (*Servants come running in.*) See that the floor drink Cyprian nectar—Let the strains of music rouse midnight from her leaden slumber—Let a thousand burning lamps mock out the morning sun—Let pleasure reign supreme—and let the Bacchanal dance so wildly beat the ground, that the dark kingdom of the shades below may tremble at the uproar!—(*Exit hastily—A noisy allegro, during which the back scene opens, and discovers a grand illuminated saloon, many masks dancing—At the side, drinking and playing tables, surrounded with company—*)

SCENE

SCENE V.

GIANETTINO, *almost intoxicated*, LOMELLINO, ZIBO, ZENTURIONE, VERRINA, CALCAGNO, *all masked*.—*Several other Nobles and Ladies.*

Gianettino. (*In a noisy manner*) Bravo! Bravo! These wines glide down charmingly.—The dancers perform à merveille.—Go one of you, and publish it throughout Genoa, that I am in good humour, and that every one may enjoy himself. By my birth, this day shall be marked in the calendar as fortunate, and under it shall be written—To-day the Prince was merry.—

(*The guests lift their glasses to their mouths—A general toast of, "The Republic."—Sound of trumpets.*)

Gianettino. The Republic! (*throwing his glass violently on the ground*). There lie its fragments.

(*Three black masks suddenly rise, and collect about GIANETTINO.*)

Lomellino. (*Supporting GIANETTINO on his arm*). My Lord, you lately spoke of a young girl, whom you saw in the church of St. Lorenzo.

Gianettino. I did, my lad! and I must know her further.

Lomellino. That I can manage for your Grace.

Gianettino. (*With vehemence*). Can you? Can you?—Lomellino, you were a candidate for the procuratorship.—You shall have it.—

Lomellino. Gracious Prince, it is the second dignity in the state, more than threescore noblemen seek it, and all of them more wealthy and honourable than your Grace's humble servant.—

Gianettino. (*Indignantly*)—By the name of Doria, you shall be procurator—(*the three masks come forward*)—What talk you of nobility in Genoa? Let them all throw their ancestry and honors into the scale, one hair from the white beard of my old uncle will make it kick the beam.—It is my will—You shall be

be procurator.—That's sufficient to bear down the votes of the whole senate.

Lomellino. (*In a low voice.*) The damsel is the only daughter of one Verrina.

Gianettino. The girl is pretty, and in spite of all the devils in hell, I must possess her.

Lomellino. What, my Lord! the only child of the most obstinate of the republican party?

Gianettino. What care I for your republicans? Shall I have my passion thwarted by the anger of a vassal? 'Tis as vain as to expect the Tower should fall, when boys pelt it with muscle-shells. (*The three black masks step nearer with great emotion.*) What! Has the Duke Andreas gained his scars in battle for their wives and children, only that his nephew should court the favor of these vile citizens? By the name of Doria they shall swallow this fancy of mine, or I will plant a gallows over the bones of my uncle, on which the liberty of Genoa shall breathe its last. (*The three masks step back in disgust.*)

Lomellino. The damsel is at this moment alone. Her father is here, and one of those three masks.

Gianettino. Excellent! Bring me instantly to her.—

Lomellino. You expect perhaps to meet a girl of light deportment, but you will see a woman of sensibility.

Gianettino. Force is the best rhetoric—Lead me to her—Would I could see that republican dog that durst attack the bear Doria—(*going, meets FIESCO at the door*) Where is the Countess?

SCENE VI.

FIESCO, and the Former.

Fiesco. I have handed her to her carriage—(*takes GIANETTINO's hand, and presses it to his breast*) Prince, I am now doubly your slave. To you I bow, as sovereign of Genoa—to your lovely sister, as mistress of my heart.

Lomellino.

Lomellino. Fiesco is become a mere votary of pleasure. The great world has lost much in you.

Fiesco. But in giving up the world, I have lost nothing. To live is to dream, and to dream pleasantly is to be wise. Can this be done more certainly amid the thunders of a throne, where the wheels of government creak incessantly upon the tortured ear, than on the heaving bosom of an enamoured woman?—Let Gianettino rule over Genoa; Fiesco shall devote himself to love.—

Gianettino. Let us depart, Lomellino. It is near midnight. The time draws near—Lavagna, we thank thee for thy entertainment—I have been satisfied.—

Fiesco. That, Prince, is all that I can wish.

Gianettino. Then good night! To-morrow we have a party at the palace, and Fiesco is invited—Come, procurator!

Fiesco. Ho! Lights there!—Music!—

Gianettino. (*Haughtily, rushing through the three masks.*) Make way there for Doria!

One of the three Masks. (*Murmuring indignantly*) Make way?—In hell—Never in Genoa.

The Guests. (*In motion.*) The Prince is going—Good night, Lavagna!—(*they depart.*)

SCENE VII.

The three black Masks and FIESCO.

(*A pause.*)

Fiesco. I perceive some guests here who do not share the pleasure of the feast.

Masks. (*Murmuring to each other with indignation*) No. Not one of us.

Fiesco. (*In an obliging manner.*) Is it possible, that my attention should have been wanting to any one of my guests? Quick, servants! Let the music be renewed, and fill the goblets high! I would not that any one of my friends should find the time hang heavy. Will you permit me to amuse you
with

with fireworks? Would you chuse to see the frolics of my harlequin? Perhaps you would be pleased to join the females? Or shall we sit down to faro, and pass the time in play?

A Mask. We are accustomed to spend it in action.

Fiesco. A manly answer! Such as bespeaks Verrina.

Verrina. (*Unmasking*) Fiesco can more easily discover his friends beneath their masks, than they can find out him beneath his disguise.

Fiesco. I understand you not.—But what means that crape of mourning around your arm? Can death have robbed Verrina of a friend, and Fiesco know not the loss?

Verrina. Mournful tales ill suit Fiesco's joyful feasts.

Fiesco. But if a friend—(*pressing his hand warmly*) Friend of my soul! For whom must we both mourn?

Verrina. Both?—Both?—Oh, 'tis too true we both have suffered—and yet not all sons lament their mother.

Fiesco. 'Tis long since your mother was mingled with the dust.—

Verrina. (*With an earnest look.*) Did not Fiesco call me brother, because we both were sons of the same country?

Fiesco. (*Jocosely*) Oh, is it only that? You meant then but to jest? The mourning dress is worn for Genoa! True, she lies indeed in her last agonies. The thought is new and singular. Our cousin begins to be a wit.

Verrina. Fiesco! I spoke most seriously.

Fiesco. Certainly—certainly—That is the reason that you spoke with so grave an air. A jest loses its point, when he who makes it is the first to laugh.—But you! You looked like a mute at a funeral, Who could have thought that the austere Verrina should in his old age become such a wag?

Sacco. Come, Verrina.—He never will be ours.—

Fiesco.

Fiesco. Let us enjoy ourselves—Let us act the part of the cunning heir who walks in the funeral procession with loud lamentations, laughing to himself the while, under the cover of his handkerchief. 'Tis true, we may be troubled with a harsh step-mother.—Be it so—we let her scold, and follow our own pleasures.

Verrina. (*With great emotion.*) Heaven, and earth! Shall we then do nothing? What is become of you, Fiesco! Where am I to seek that determined enemy of tyrants? There was a time when but to see a crown would have been torture to you. O degraded son of the republic! By Heaven, I would spurn immortality, if time could so wear out my soul.

Fiesco. O rigid censor! Let Doria put Genoa in his pocket, or sell it to the robbers of Tunis. Why should it trouble us? We will revel in floods of Cyprian wine, and taste the sweet caresses of our fair ones.

Verrina. (*Looking at him with earnestness.*) Are these your serious thoughts?

Fiesco. Why should they not, my friend? Think you 'tis a pleasure to be the foot of that many-leg'd monster, a republic? No—thanks be to him who gives it wings, and deprives the feet of their functions. Let Gianettino be the duke, affairs of state shall never lie heavy on our heads.

Verrina. Fiesco! Is that your real meaning?

Fiesco. Andreas adopts his nephew as a son, and heir of his estates, what madman then will dispute with him the inheritance of his power?

Verrina. (*With great indignation*) Away, then, Genoese! (*leaves FIESCO hastily, the rest follow*).

Fiesco. Verrina! Verrina! Oh, this republican is as hard as steel!

SCENE VIII.

FIESCO. A MASK.

Mask. Have you a minute or two to spare, Lavagna?

Fiesco.

Fiesco. (*In an obliging manner*) An hour, if you request it.

Mask. Then condescend to walk into the fields with me.

Fiesco. It wants but ten minutes of midnight.

Mask. Walk with me, Count, I pray—

Fiesco. I will order my carriage—

Mask. That is useless—I shall send one horse, we want no more, for only one of us, I hope, will return.

Fiesco. (*With surprise*) What say you?

Mask. A bloody answer will be demanded of you, touching a certain tear.

Fiesco. What tear?

Mask. A tear shed by the Countess of Lavagna—I am acquainted with that lady, and demand to know, how she has merited to be sacrificed to a worthless woman?

Fiesco. I understand you now; but let me ask, who 'tis that offers such a challenge?

Mask. It is the same that once adored the lady Zibo, and yielded her to Fiesco.

Fiesco. Scipio Bourgognino!

Bourgognino. (*Unmasking*) And who now stands here to vindicate his honor that yielded to a rival base enough to tyrannize over innocence.

Fiesco. (*Embraces him with ardor*) Noble youth! thanks to the sufferings of my consort, which have drawn forth the manly feelings of your soul; I admire your generous indignation—but I refuse your challenge.

Bourgognino. (*Stepping back with astonishment*) Does Fiesco tremble to encounter the first efforts of my sword?

Fiesco. No, Bourgognino! against a nation's power combined, I would boldly venture, but not against you. The fire of your valour is endeared to me by a still dearer object—The will deserves a laurel; but the deed would be childish.

Bourgognino. (*With emotion*) Childish, Count! women can only weep at injuries. 'Tis manly to revenge them.

Fiesco.

Fiesco. Well said—but fight I will not.

Bourgognino. (*Turning from him contemptuously*) Count, I shall despise you.

Fiesco. (*With animation*) By Heaven, youth, that thou shalt never do—not even if virtue fall in value, shall I become a bankrupt. (*taking him by the hand, with a look of earnestness*) Did you ever feel for me—what shall I say—respect?

Bourgognino. Had I not thought you were the first of men, I should not have yielded to you.

Fiesco. Then, my friend, be not so forward to despise a man who once could merit your respect. It is not always that the eye of the youthful artist can comprehend the master's vast design. Retire, Bourgognino, and take time to weigh the motives of Fiesco's conduct! [*Exit BOURGOGNINO in silence.* Go! noble youth! if spirits such as thine break out in flames against the government, let the Dorias see that they stand fast.

SCENE IX.

FIESCO. THE MOOR *entering with a Appearance of Timidity, and looking round cautiously.*

Fiesco. (*Fixing on him a piercing look*) What would'st thou have? who art thou?

Moor. (*As above*) A slave of the republic.

Fiesco. Slavery is a wretched state, (*keeping his eyes attentively upon him*) What dost thou want?

Moor. Sir—I am honest man.

Fiesco. Well may'st thou assume this veil, it may not be superfluous—but, what would'st thou have?

Moor. (*Approaching him—FIESCO draws back*) Sir, I am no villain.

Fiesco. 'Tis well that thou say'st that—and yet—'tis not well either—(*impatiently*) What dost thou seek?

Moor. (*Still approaching*) Are you the Count Lavagna?

C

Fiesco.

Fiesco. (*Haughtily*) The blind in Genoa know my steps—what would'st thou with the Count?

Moor. Be on your guard, Lavagna! (*close to him*).

Fiesco. (*Passing hastily to the other side*) That, indeed, I am.

Moor. (*Again approaching*) Evil designs are formed against you, Count.

Fiesco. (*Retreating*) That I perceive.

Moor. Beware of Doria!

Fiesco. (*Approaching him with an air of confidence*) Perhaps my suspicions have wronged thee, my friend—Doria is indeed the name I dread.

Moor. Avoid the man, then—can you read?

Fiesco. A pleasant question! Thou hast known, it seems, many of our nobles—what writing hast thou?

Moor. Your name inscribed in the fatal list of those who are doom'd to die. (*Presents a paper and draws close to FIESCO, who is standing before a looking-glass, and glancing over the paper—THE MOOR steals round him, draws a dagger, and is going to stab*)

Fiesco. (*Turning round dexterously and seizing THE MOOR's arm*) Stop, scoundrel! (*wrests the dagger from him*)

Moor. (*Stamps in a frantic manner*) Damnation! Pardon!

Fiesco. (*Seizing him, calls with a loud voice*) Stephano! Drullo! Antonio! (*holding THE MOOR by the throat*) Stay, my friend!—what hellish villainy! (*servants enter*) Stay, and answer—thou hast performed thy task but badly. Who pays thy wages?

Moor. (*Resolutely, after several fruitless attempts to escape*) You cannot hang me higher than the gallows are—

Fiesco. No—be comforted—not on the horns of the moon, but higher than ever yet were gallows—But hold! Thy scheme was too politic to be of thy own contrivance: speak, fellow! who hired thee?

Moor. Think me a rascal, Sir, but not a fool.

Fiesco.

Fiesco. What, is the scoundrel proud? Speak, firrah!—Who hired thee?

Moor. (*To himself*) Shall I alone be call'd a fool? Who hired me?—'Twas but a hundred miserable sequins—who hired me, did you ask?—Prince Gianettino.

Fiesco. (*Walking about in a passion*) A hundred sequins! And is that the value set upon Fiesco's head? Shame on the Prince of Genoa! Here, fellow—(*taking money from a scrutoire*) are a thousand for thee. Tell thy master he is a mean assassin.

(*MOOR looks at him with astonishment.*)

Fiesco. What dost thou gaze at?

(*MOOR takes up the money—lays it down—takes it again, and looks at FIESCO with increased astonishment.*)

Fiesco. What dost thou mean?

Moor. (*Throwing the money resolutely upon the table.*) Sir, that money I have not worked for—I deserve it not.

Fiesco. Blockhead, thou hast deserved the gallows; but the offended elephant tramples on men, not worms. Thy life hangs on a word of mine; were it of more importance, thou should'st die.

Moor. (*Bowing with an air of pleasure at his escape.*) Sir, you are too good—

Fiesco. What, toward thee! God forbid! No, I am amused to think a nod of mine can preserve or annihilate such petty villains. That 'tis which saves thee. Mark my words—I take thy failure as an omen of my future success—'tis this thought that renders me indulgent, and preserves thy life.

Moor. (*In a tone of confidence.*) Count, your hand! you shall find me not ungrateful. If any man in this country has a throat too much,—command me, and I'll cut it gratis.

Fiesco. Obliging scoundrel! He would shew his gratitude by cutting throats!

Moor. Men, like me, Sir, receive no favour without acknowledgment. We know what honour is.

Fiesco. The honour of cut-throats !

Moor. Is perhaps more to be relied on than that which men of character pretend to. You break your oaths made in the name of God. We keep our's made to the devil.

Fiesco. Thy villainy amuses me.

Moor. I am happy to meet your approbation. Try me—you will find in me a man who is a thorough master of his profession. Examine me—I am versed in every branch of villainy through all its different degrees.

Fiesco. So—(*seating himself*) So—there are laws and system then even among thieves. What canst thou tell me of the lowest class ?

Moor. O Sir, they are petty villains, mere pick-pockets. They are a miserable set. Their trade never produces a man of genius—'tis confined to the whip and workhouse—and at most can lead but to the gallows.

Fiesco. A noble object ! I should like to hear something of a superior class.

Moor. The next are spies and informers—tools of importance to the great, who lend their ears to them, and from their secret information derive their own supposed omniscience. These villains insinuate themselves into the souls of men like leeches, to suck out their secrets—they draw poison from the heart, and spit it forth against the very source from whence it came.

Fiesco. I understand thee—go on—

Moor. Then come the conspirators, villains that deal in poison, and bravoës that rush upon their victims from some secret covert. Cowards they often are, but yet they sell their souls to the devil ; and even here they are treated scurvily. The hand of justice binds their limbs to the rack, or plants their cunning heads on spikes—this is the third class—

Fiesco. But speak ! When comes thy own ?

Moor. Patience, my Lord—that is the very point I'm coming to—already have I passed through all the stages that I mentioned : my genius soon soared beyond

yond their limits. 'Twas but last night I made my trial in the third—this evening I attempted the fourth—and was a bungler.

Fiesco. And how do you describe that class?

Moor. (*With energy*) They are men who press right onward to their object, cutting their way through danger. They strike at once, and by their first salute, save him whom they approach the trouble of returning thanks for a second. Briefly, they are called the swiftest messengers of hell: and when Beelzebub is hungry, at the first hint they send his victims to him smoking in their blood.

Fiesco. Thou art a hardened villain—such a tool I want. Give me thy hand—thou shalt serve me.

Moor. Do you speak in earnest or in jest?

Fiesco. Most seriously—and I'll pay thee yearly a thousand sequins.

Moor. Done, Lavagna!—I am your's. Away with common business—employ me in whatever you will—I'll be your setter, or your blood-hound—your fox, your viper—your pimp or executioner. I'm prepared for all commissions—except honest ones—in those I am as stupid as a block.

Fiesco. Fear not—I would not set the wolf to guard the lamb. Go thou through Genoa to-morrow, and sound the temper of the people—Narrowly enquire what they think of the government, and of the house of Doria—What of me, my debaucheries, and romantic passion. Charge their heads with wine, until their secret sentiments flow out. Here's money—lavish it among the manufacturers—

Moor. Sir!—

Fiesco. Be not afraid—no honesty is in the case. Go, collect what help thou canst. To-morrow I will hear thy report. [*Exit.*

Moor. (*Following*) Rely on me—It is now four o'clock in the morning, by eight to-morrow you shall hear as much news as twice seventy spies can furnish. [*Exit.*

SCENE X.

An Apartment in the House of VERRINA.

BERTHA *on a Coach, supporting her Head on her Hand*

—VERRINA *enters with a look of dejection.*

Bertha. (*Starts up frightened*) Heavens! He is here!

Verrina. (*Stops, looking at her with surprise*) My daughter, affrighted at her father!

Bertha. Fly! Fly! or let me fly! Father, your sight is dreadful to me.

Verrina. Dreadful to my child!—my only child!

Bertha. No—(*with heaviness*) you must seek another—I am no more your daughter.

Verrina. What, does my tenderness distress you?

Bertha. It weighs me down to the earth.

Verrina. How, my daughter! do you receive me thus? Formerly, when I came home, my heart over-burdened with the weight of sorrows, my Bertha meeting me smiled them away. Come, embrace me, my daughter! Reclined upon thy glowing bosom, my heart, when chilled by the sufferings of my country, shall grow warm again. Oh, my child, this day I have bidden farewell to all the pleasures of nature, and thou alone (*sighing heavily*) remainest to me.

Bertha. (*Casting a long and earnest look at him*) Wretched father!

Verrina. (*Eagerly embracing her*) Bertha! my only child! Bertha! my last remaining hope! The liberty of Genoa is lost—Fiesco is lost—and thou (*pressing her more strongly, with a look of despair*) may'st become a prey to dishonour.

Bertha. (*Tearing herself from him*) Great God! You know, then—

Verrina. (*Trembling*) What?

Bertha. My virgin honour—

Verrina. (*Raging*) What?

Bertha. Last night—

Verrina. (*Furiously*) Speak! What!

Bertha. Force!—(*sinks down by the side of the sofa*)

Verrina.

Verrina. (*After a long pause—with a hollow voice*)
One word more, my daughter, though it be thy
last—Who was it?

Bertha. Alas, what an angry death-like paleness!
Great God, support me! How his words falter!
How his whole frame trembles!

Verrina. I cannot comprehend it—Tell me, my
daughter—Who?

Bertha. Compose yourself, my best, my dearest
father!

Verrina. For God's sake—Who? (*ready to faint*)

Bertha. A mask—

Verrina. (*Steps back, thoughtfully*) No! That
cannot be—the thought is idle—(*smiling to himself*)
What a fool am I, to think that all the poison of
my life can flow but from one source! (*firmly—ad-
dressing himself to BERTHA*) What was his stature, less
than mine, or taller?

Bertha. Taller.

Verrina. (*Eagerly.*) His hair? Was it black
and curled?

Bertha. As black as jet, and curled.

Verrina. (*Retiring from her in great emotion*) O
God! my brain! my brain!—His voice?

Bertha. Was deep and harsh.

Verrina. (*Impetuously*) What colour was—no,
I'll hear no more—His cloak!—What colour?—

Bertha. I think his cloak was green.

Verrina. (*Covering his face with his hands, falls
on the couch*) No more—This can be nothing but a
dream, (*his hand sink down, a deadly paleness over-
spreads his face.*)

Bertha. (*Wringing her hands*) Merciful Heaven!
This is no more my father.

Verrina. (*After a pause, with a forced smile*)
Right—It serves thee right—coward Verrina! The
villain broke into the sanctuary of the laws—This
did not rouse thee. Then he violated the sanctuary of
thy honor—(*starting up*) Quick! Nicolo! Bring me
hither balls and powder—but stay—my sword were
better.

better. (*To BERTHA*) Say thy prayers!—Ah! what am I going to do?

Bertha. Father, you make me tremble.

Verrina. Come, sit by me, Bertha! (*in a solemn manner*) Tell me, Bertha, what did that grey-hair'd Roman, when his daughter—like you—how can I speak it!—fell a prey to ignominy? Tell me, Bertha, what said Virginius to his dishonoured daughter?

Bertha. (*Shuddering*) I know what he said—

Verrina. Foolish girl! Nothing did he say—but (*rising hastily, and snatching up a sword*) he seized an instrument of death—

Bertha. (*Terrified, rushes into his arms*) Great God!—What would you do, my father!

Verrina. (*Throwing away the sword*) No—There is still justice left in Genoa.

SCENE XI.

SACCO, CALCAGNO, *the Former.*

Calcagno. Verrina, quick! prepare! To-day begins the election. Let us to the Senate-House to choose the new senators. The streets are full of people, you will undoubtedly accompany us (*ironically*) to see the triumph of our liberty.

Sacco. (*To CALCAGNO*) Dost thou see that sword? Verrina has wildness in his looks—and Bertha is in tears.

Calcagno. By heavens, I see it. Sacco, some strange event has happened here.

Verrina. (*Placing two chairs.*) Be seated.—

Sacco. Friend! Your looks fill us with apprehension.

Calcagno. I never saw you thus before, my friend—Your grief, I should have thought, presaged the ruin of our country—but Bertha also is in tears.—

Verrina. Ruin!—Pray sit down—(*they both seat themselves.*)

Calcagno. My friend, I conjure you.—

Verrina. Listen to me.—

Calcagno.

Calcagno. (*To Sacco*) What are we to expect, Sacco?

Verrina. Genoese, you both know the antiquity of my family. Your ancestors were vassals to my own. My forefathers fought the battles of the state, their wives were patterns of virtue to their sex. Honor was our sole inheritance, descending unspotted from the father to the son—Can any one deny it?

Sacco. No.

Calcagno. No one, by the God of Heaven!

Verrina. I am the last of my race. My wife has long been dead. This daughter is all she left me. You are witnesses, my friends, how I have brought her up.—Can any one accuse me of neglecting my Bertha?

Calcagno. No. Your daughter is a bright example to our females.—

Verrina. I am old, my friends. On this my daughter all my hopes were placed. Should I lose her, my race becomes extinct—(*after a pause, with a solemn voice*) I have lost her—My family is dishonoured.

Sacco & Calcagno. Forbid it Heaven!

(*BERTHA, on the couch, appears much affected.*)

Verrina. No—Despair not, daughter! These men are just and brave—If they feel thy wrongs, they will expiate them with blood. Be not astonished, friends.—He who tramples upon Genoa, may easily overcome a helpless female.

Sacco & Calcagno. (*Starting up with great emotion*) Gianettino Doria!

Bertha. (*With a shriek, seeing BOURGOGNINO enter.*) Cover me, walls, beneath your ruins!—My Scipio!

SCENE XII.

BOURGOGNINO—the Former.

Bourgognino. (*With ardor.*) Rejoice, my love! I bring good tidings. Noble Verrina, I come to lay my dearest hopes at your disposal. I have long loved your daughter, but never dared to ask her hand, because

cause my whole fortune was entrusted to the treacherous sea. My ships have just now reached the harbour laden with valuable cargoes—Now I am rich—Bestow your Bertha on me—I'll make her happy.

Verrina. What, youth! Wouldst thou mix thy heart's pure tide with a polluted stream?

Bourgognino. (*Claps his hand to his sword, but suddenly draws it back.*) 'Twas her father that said it.

Verrina. No—every rascal in Italy will say it. Are you contented with the leavings of other men's repasts?

Bourgognino. Old man, do not make me desperate!

Calcagno. Bourgognino! He speaks the truth.

Bourgognino. (*Enraged, rushing towards BERTHA.*) The truth! Has the girl then mocked me?

Calcagno. Restrain your passion. The girl is spotless as an angel.

Bourgognino. (*Astonished*) By my soul's happiness!—The girl is spotless, yet dishonoured?—I comprehend it not. They look in silence on each other. Some horrid crime hangs on their trembling tongues.—I conjure you, friends, mock not my reason. Is she pure? Is she truly so? Who answers for her?

Verrina. My child is guiltless.

Bourgognino. What!—Violence!—(*snatches the sword from the ground*) Be all the sins of earth upon my head, if I avenge her not!—Where is the spoiler?

Verrina. Seek him in the plunderer of Genoa. (*BOURGOGNINO struck with astonishment—VERRINA walks up and down the room in deep thought, then steps—*)

Verrina. If rightly I can trace thy counsels, O eternal Providence! It is thy will to make my daughter the instrument of Genoa's deliverance. (*Approaching her slowly, takes the mourning crape from his arm, and proceeds in a solemn manner.*) Before the heart's blood of Doria shall wash away this foul stain from thy honor, no beam of day-light shall shine upon these cheeks. 'Till then (*throwing the crape over her*) be blind! (*A pause—the rest look upon him with silent*

silent astonishment, he continues solemnly, his hand upon BERTHA'S head) Curfed be the air that fhall breathe on thee! Curfed the fleep that fhall refresh thee! Curfed every human ftep that fhall come to footh thy misery!—Down, into the loweft vault beneath my houfe! There whine, and cry aloud! (*paufing with inward horror*) Be thy life painful as the tortures of the writhing worm—agonizing as the ftubborn conflict between exiftence and annihilation.—This curfe lie on thee till Gianettino fhall have heaved forth his dying breath. If he efcape his punifhment, then may'ft thou drag thy load of misery throughout the endlefs circle of eternity!

(*A deep f Silence—horror is marked on the countenances of all prefent.—VERRINA cafts a fcrutinizing look at each of them.*)

Bourgognino. Inhuman father! What is it thou haft done? Why pour forth this horrible and monftrous curfe againft thy guiltlefs daughter?

Verrina. Youth, thou fay'ft true—it is moft horrible. Now which of you will ftand forth and fpeak of patience and delay? My daughter's fate is linked with that of Genoa. I am no more a father, but a citizen. But who among us is fo much a coward, to hesitate in the falvation of his country, when this poor guiltlefs being muft pay for his timidity with endlefs fufferings? By heavens, 'twas not a madman's fpeech. I've fworn an oath, and till Doria feel the agonies of death, I cannot pity my own child. No—not if, like an executioner, I fhould invent unheard-of torments for her, or with my own hands tear her innocent frame to pieces on the barbarous rack. You fhudder—you ftare me in the face, as pale as ghofts. Once more, Scipio—I keep her as an hoftage for the tyrant's death. Upon this precious thread do I fufpend thy duty, my own, and yours, (*to SACCO and CALCAGNO.*) The tyrant of Genoa muft fall, or Bertha muft defpair—I do not retract.

Bourgognino. (*Throwing himfelf at BERTHA'S feet*) He fhall fall—fall a victim for Genoa. I will as
 furely

surely plunge this sword into Doria's heart, as upon thy lips I will imprint the bridal kifs. (*rises.*)

Verrina. Ye couple, the first that ever owed their union to the furies, join hands.—Wilt thou plunge thy sword into Doria's heart? Take her—she is thine.

Calcagno. (*Kneeling*) Here another citizen of Genoa kneels down, and lays his faithful sword before the feet of innocence. As surely may Calcagno find the way to heaven, as this steel shall find its way to Gianettino's bosom. (*rises.*)

Sacco. (*Kneeling*) Last, but not least determined, Raffaele Sacco kneels. If this bright steel help not to unlock the prison doors of Bertha, may'st thou, my Saviour, shut thy ear to my dying prayers! (*rises.*)

Verrina. (*With a calm look*) Through me Genoa thanks you. Now go, my daughter—Rejoice to be the mighty sacrifice for thy country!

Bourgognino. (*Embracing her as she is departing*) Go! confide in God—and Bourgognino.—The same day shall give freedom to Bertha and to Genoa.

[*Bertha retires.*]

SCENE XIII.

The Former—without BERTHA.

Calcagno. Genoese, before we take another step, one word—

Verrina. I guess what thou would'st say.

Calcagno. Will four patriots alone be sufficient to destroy this mighty Hydra? Shall we not stir up the people to rebellion, or draw the nobles in to join our party?

Verrina. I understand thee.—Now hear my advice—I have engaged a painter, who has been long exerting all his skill to paint the fall of Appius Claudius. That art Fiesco loves to enthusiasm, and often delights to elevate his mind by viewing its sublime productions. We will send this picture to his house,
and

and will be present when he contemplates it. Perhaps the sight may rouse his spirit.—Perhaps—

Bourgognino. Speak not of him.—Let us increase the danger and not the means of help. So valour bids. I have long felt an impulse at my heart stronger than I knew how to satisfy. Now—now I know what presses on me—a Tyrant.

[The scene closes.]

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

D

ACT

ACT II.

SCENE I.

An Antichamber in the Palace of FIESCO.

LEONORA and ARABELLA.

Arabella.

NO, certainly. You were mistaken: your eyes were blinded by jealousy.

Leonora. It was the living image of Julia. Do not endeavour to persuade me otherwise. My picture used to be suspended by a sky-blue ribband: this was flame-coloured, and wavy.—My fate is decided—

SCENE II.

The Former, and JULIA.

Julia. (*Entering in an affected manner*) The Count offered me his palace to see the procession to the Senate-House. The time will be tedious. You will entertain me, Madam, while the chocolate is preparing.

(*ARABELLA goes out, and returns soon afterward.*)

Leonora. Do you wish that I should invite company to meet you?

Julia. Ridiculous! As if I should come hither in search of company. You will endeavour to amuse me, Madam. (*walking up and down, admiring herself*) If you can do that, Madam, I shall have lost nothing.

Arabella. (*Sarcastically*) Your splendid dress alone will be the loser. Only think how cruel 'tis to deprive the eager eyes of our young beaus of such a treat!

treat! Ah! And the glitter of your sparkling pearls, on which it almost wounds the sight to look. Good heavens! You seem to have plundered the whole ocean.

Julia. (*Before a glass*) You are surprised at that, Madam! But hark ye, Madam, pray has your mistress also hired your tongue? Countess 'tis fine, indeed, to permit your servants thus to address your guests.

Leonora. 'Tis my misfortune, Signora, that my want of spirits prevents me from enjoying the pleasure of your company.

Julia. That's an ugly fault. To be dull and spiritless—Be active, sprightly, witty! Yours is not the way to attach your husband to you.

Leonora. I know but one way, Countess. Your's perhaps may be more efficacious in exciting sympathy.

Julia. (*Pretending not to mind her*) How you dress, Madam! For shame! Pay more attention to your appearance! Have recourse to art, where nature is unkind. Put colour on those cheeks which look so pale with spleen. Poor creature! Your countenance will never find an admirer.

Leonora. (*To ARABELLA in a lively manner*) Congratulate me, girl. It is impossible I can have lost Fiesco; or if I have, the loss must sure be trifling.

(*The chocolate is brought, ARABELLA pours it out.*)

Julia. Do you talk of losing Fiesco? Good God! How could you ever conceive the vain idea of possessing him? Why, my child, aspire to such a height?—A height, where you cannot but be seen, and must be compared with others. Indeed, my dear, *he* was a scoundrel or a blockhead who joined you with Fiesco. (*taking her hand with a look of compassion.*) Poor soul! The man who mixes with the assemblies of fashionable life, could never be your match. (*She takes a dish of chocolate.*)

Leonora. (*Smiling at ARABELLA*) If he were, he would not wish to mix with such assemblies.

Julia. The Count is handsome, fashionable, elegant. He was so fortunate as to form connexions

with people of rank. The Count is lively, and high-spirited.—Suppose, he comes home warm from the midst of a fashionable circle, what does he meet? His wife receives him with a vulgar tenderness: damps his fire with a chilling kiss, and measures out her attentions to him with a niggardly œconomy. Poor husband! *Here*, a blooming beauty smiles upon him—*there*, he is disgusted by a peevish sensibility. Signora, Signora, for God's sake, consider, if he have not lost his understanding, what will he choose?—

Leonora. (*Offering her a cup of chocolate*) You, Madam—If he have lost it.

Julia. Good! This sting shall return into your own bosom. Tremble for your mockery! But before you tremble—blush!

Leonora. Do you then know what it is to blush, Signora? But, why not? 'Tis a toilet-trick.

Julia. Oh, see! This poor creature must be provoked, if one would draw from her a spark of wit. Well—Let it pass, this time. Madam, I only spoke in jest. Give me your hand in token of reconciliation.

Leonora. (*Offering her hand with a significant look*) Countess, my anger ne'er shall trouble you.

Julia. That's generous indeed. I would endeavour to imitate your conduct. Countess, (*maliciously*) do you not think I must love that person, whose image I bear constantly about me?

Leonora. (*Blushing confused*) What do you say? At least it seems a doubtful proof.

Julia. I think so too. The heart needs not the assistance of the senses; and real sentiment seeks not to strengthen itself by outward ornament.

Leonora. Heavens! Where did you learn such a truth!

Julia. 'Twas in mere compassion that I spoke it; for observe, Madam, the reverse is no less certain. Such is Fiesco's love for you—(*Gives her the picture, laughing maliciously*)

Leonora. (*With extreme indignation*) My picture! Given to you! (*throws herself into a chair, much affected*) Cruel Fiesco!—

Julia.

Julia. Have I retaliated? Have I? Now, Madam, have you any other sting to wound me with? (*goes to the side-scene*) My carriage!—My business is done. (*Addressing LEONORA with affected kindness.*) Be comforted, my child: he gave me the picture in a fit of madness.

[*Exeunt Julia and Arabella.*]

SCENE III.

LEONORA and CALCAGNO.

Calcagno. Did not the Countess Imperiali depart in anger, Madam?

Leonora. (*Violently agitated*) No—This is unheard-of cruelty.

Calcagno. Heaven and earth!—Do I behold you in tears!

Leonora. Thou art a friend of my inhuman—Away—Leave my sight—

Calcagno. Whom do you call inhuman?—You fright me—

Leonora. My husband—Is he not so?

Calcagno. What do I hear!—

Leonora. 'Tis but a piece of villainy common enough among your sex—

Calcagno. (*Grasping her hand with vehemence*) Lady, I have a heart for weeping virtue.

Leonora. You are a man—Your heart is not for me.

Calcagno. For you alone—Yours only—Would that you knew how much, how truly yours—

Leonora. Man, thou art untrue—Thy words would be refuted by thy actions—

Calcagno. I swear to you—

Leonora.—A false oath—Cease!—The perjuries of men are so innumerable 'twould tire the pen of the recording angel to write them down. If their violated oaths were turned into as many devils, they might storm heaven itself, and lead away the angels of light as captives.

Calcagno. Nay, Madam, your anger makes you unjust. Is the whole sex to answer for the crime of one?

Leonora. I tell thee, in that one was centered all my affection for the sex. In him I will detest them all.

Calcagno. Countess, you once bestowed your hand amiss. Would you again make trial, I know one who would deserve it better.

Leonora. The limits of creation cannot bound your falsehoods. I'll hear thee no more.

Calcagno. Oh that you would retract this cruel sentence in my arms!

Leonora. (*With astonishment*) Speak out—In thy arms!

Calcagno. In my arms, which open themselves to receive a forsaken woman, and to console her for the love she has lost.

Leonora. (*Fixing her eyes on him*) Love!

Calcagno. (*Kneeling before her, with ardor*) Yes, I have said it—Love, Madam—life and death lie on your tongue. To call my passion criminal would be to break down the boundaries of vice and virtue, and to confound together heaven and hell in one general condemnation.

Leonora. (*Steps back indignantly, with a look of noble disdain*) Hypocrite! Was that the object of thy false compassion? This attitude at once proclaims thee traitor to friendship, and to love. Begone, for ever from my eyes!—Detested sex! 'Till now I thought the only victim of your snares was woman; nor ever suspected that to each other you were so false, and faithless.

Calcagno. (*Rising, confounded,*) Countess!

Leonora. Was it not enough to break the sacred seal of confidence! but even on the unsullied mirror of virtue, this hypocrite breathes pestilence, and would seduce my innocence to perjury.

Calcagno. (*Hastily*) Perjury, Madam, you cannot be guilty of.

Leonora.

Leonora. I understand thee—thou thoughtest my wounded pride would plead in thy behalf. (*With dignity*) Thou didst not know that she who loves Fiesco, feels even the pang that rends her heart, ennobling. Begone! Fiesco's perfidy will not make Calcagno rise in my esteem—but—will debase humanity.

[*Exit hastily.*]

Calcagno. (*Stands as if thunderstruck—looks after her—strikes his forehead*) Fool, that I am! [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.

THE MOOR and FIESCO.

Fiesco. Who was it that just now departed?

Moor. The Marquis Calcagno.

Fiesco. This handkerchief was left upon the sofa. My wife has been here.

Moor. I met her this moment in great agitation.

Fiesco. This handkerchief is moist—Calcagno here? And Leonora agitated? (*after some meditation*) This evening thou must learn what has happened here.

Moor. Miss Bella likes to hear that she is fair. She will inform me.

Fiesco. Well—Thirty hours are past—Hast thou executed my commission?

Moor. Thoroughly, my Lord.

Fiesco. (*Seating himself*) Then tell me how they talk of Doria, and of the government.

Moor. Oh, most vilely. The very name of Doria shakes them like an ague-fit—Gianettino is as hateful to them as death itself—there's nought but murmuring—They say the French have been the rats of Genoa, the cat Doria has eaten them, and now is going to feast upon the mice.

Fiesco. That may perhaps be true. But do they not know of any dog against that cat?

Moor. (*With an affected carelessness*) The town was murmuring much of a certain—poh—I have forgot the name.

Fiesco. (*Rising*) Blockhead! That name is as easy

FIESCO.

easy to be remembered as 'twould be difficult to obtain it. Has Genoa more such names than one?

Moor. No—It cannot have two Counts of Lavagna.

Fiesco. (*Seating himself*) That is something—And what do they whisper about my present way of living?

Moor. (*Fixing his eyes upon him*) Hear me, Count of Lavagna! Genoa must think highly of you. They cannot imagine why a descendant of the first family—with such talents and genius—full of spirit and popularity—master of four millions—his veins enrich'd with princely blood—A nobleman like Fiesco, whom at the first call, all hearts would fly to meet—

Fiesco. (*Turns away contemptuously*) To hear such things from such a scoundrel!

Moor. Many lamented that the chief of Genoa should slumber over the ruin of his country. And many sneered. Most men condemned you. All bewailed the state which thus had lost you. A Jesuit pretended to have smelt out the fox that lay concealed beneath the garb of quietness.

Fiesco. One fox smells out another—What say they to my passion for the Countess Imperiali?

Moor. What I would rather be excused from repeating.

Fiesco. Out with it—The bolder the more welcome.

Moor. 'Tis not a murmur. At all the coffee-houses, billiard-tables, hotels, and public walks—In the market-place, at the Exchange, they proclaim aloud—

Fiesco. What?—I command thee.

Moor. (*Retreating*) That you are a fool.

Fiesco. Well, take this sequin for these tidings. Now have I put on the fool's cap. How did the manufacturers receive my presents?

Moor. (*Humorously*) Why, Mr. Fool, they looked like poor knaves—

Fiesco. Fool, fellow? Are you mad?

Moor.

Moor. Pardon! I had a mind for a few more sequins.

Fiesco. (*Laughing, gives him another sequin*) Well—"Like poor knaves."

Moor. Who receive pardon at the very block. They are yours, both soul and body.

Fiesco. I'm glad of it. They turn the scale among the populace of Genoa.

Moor. What a scene it was! Zounds! I almost acquired a relish for benevolence—They caught me round the neck like madmen—The very girls seemed in love with my black visage, that's as ill-omen'd as the moon in an eclipse—Gold, thought I, is omnipotent: it makes even a Moor look fair.

Fiesco. Thy thought was better than the soil that gave it birth. These words are favourable, but do they bespeak actions of equal import?

Moor. Yes—As the murmuring of the distant thunder foretells the approaching storm. The people lay their heads together—they collect in parties—break off their talk whene'er a stranger passes by—Throughout Genoa reigns a gloomy silence—This discontent hangs, like a threatening tempest, over the republic—It only wants a wind, then hail and lightning will burst forth.

Fiesco. Hush—hark!—What is that confused noise?

Moor. (*Going to the window*) It is the tumult of the crowd returning from the senate-house.

Fiesco. To-day is the election of a procurator—Order my carriage! It is impossible the sitting can be over. I'll go thither—It is impossible it should be over, if things went right. Bring me my sword and cloak—where is my golden chain?

Moor. Sir, I have stolen and pawned it.

Fiesco. That I am glad to hear.

Moor. But, how! Are there no more sequins for me?

Fiesco. No—You forgot the cloak.

Moor. Ah! I was wrong in pointing out the thief.

Fiesco.

Fiesco. The tumult comes nearer. Hark! 'Tis not the sound of approbation. Quick!—Unlock the gates—I guess the matter. Doria has been rash. The state already trembles on an unsteady balance. There has surely been some disturbance at the senate-house.

Moor. (*At the window*) What's here! They're coming down the street of Balbi—A crowd of many thousands—the halberds glitter—Ah, swords too!—Halloo!—Senators!—They come this way.

Fiesco. Sedition is on foot. Hasten amongst them—Mention my name—Persuade them to come hither. (*Exit Moor hastily.*) What reason, labouring like a careful ant, with difficulty scrapes together, the wind of accident collects in one short moment.

SCENE V.

FIESCO, ZENTURIONE, ZIBO, and ASSERATO,
rushing in.

Zibo. Count, impute it to our anger that we enter thus unannounced.

Zenturione. I have been affronted, mortally affronted, by the nephew of the Duke, and in the face of the whole senate.

Fiesco. Doria, then, has soiled the golden book of which each noble Genoese is a leaf.

Zenturione. Therefore come we hither—The whole nobility is insulted in me—The whole nobility must share in my revenge—In the defence of my own honor I should not need assistance.

Zibo. The whole nobility is in him provoked—The whole nobility must spit forth flames.

Asserato. The rights of the nation are trampled under foot—The liberty of the republic has received a deadly blow.

Fiesco. You raise my expectation.

Zibo. He was the twenty-ninth among the electing senators, and had drawn forth a golden ball to vote for the procurator—Of the eight and twenty votes collected,

collected, fourteen were for me, and as many for Lomellino—His and Doria's were still wanting—

Zenturione. Wanting! I gave my vote for Zibo. Doria—Think of the wound inflicted on my honor—Doria—

Afferato. (*Interrupting him*) Such a thing was never heard of, since the sea washed the walls of Genoa.

Zenturione. (*Continues with great heat*) Doria drew a sword which he had concealed under a scarlet cloak—Stuck it through my vote—called to the assembly—

Zibo. “Senators, 'tis good for nothing, 'tis pierced through—Lomellino is Procurator”

Zenturione. “Lomellino is Procurator.” And threw his sword upon the table.

Afferato. And called out. “'Tis good for nothing”—and threw his sword upon the table.

Fiesco. (*After a pause*) On what are you resolv'd?

Zenturione. The republic is wounded to its very heart—On what are we resolved?

Fiesco. Zenturione, rushes may be broken by a breath, the oak requires a storm. I ask on what are you resolved?

Zibo. Methinks the question should be, On what does Genoa resolve?

Fiesco. Genoa! Genoa! name it not—'Tis brittle, and will crack where'er you touch it. Do you reckon on the nobles? Perhaps, because they put on grave faces—look mysterious when state affairs are mentioned—Talk not of them! Their heroism is stifled among the bales of their Levantine merchandize. Their souls hover anxiously about their India fleet.

Zenturione. Learn to esteem our nobles more justly. Scarcely was Doria's haughty action done, when hundreds of them rush'd into the street, tearing their garments—The senate was dispers'd—

Fiesco. (*Sarcastically*) Like frightened pigeons when the vulture darts upon the dove-cote.

Zenturione. No—like powder-barrels when a match falls on them.

Zibo. The people are enraged. What may we not expect from the fury of the wounded boar!

Fiesco.

Fiesco. (*Laughing*) The blind, unwieldy monster, which at first rattles its heavy bones, threatening with gaping jaws, to devour the high and low, the near and distant, at last—stumbles at a thread Genoese! No more! the epoch of the masters of the sea is past. Genoa is sunk beneath the splendor of its name. Its state is such as Rome experienced, when, like a tennis-ball, she leapt into the racket of young Octavius. Genoa can be free no longer. Genoa must be foster'd by a monarch. Genoa wants a sovereign. Therefore do homage to the mad-brain'd Gianettino—

Zenturione. (*Vehemently*)—Yes—when the contending elements are reconciled, and when the north pole meets the south—Come, friends!

Fiesco. Stay—Stay—Upon what project are you brooding, Zibo?

Zibo. On nothing, or at the most a farce—

Fiesco. (*Leading them to a statue*) Look at this figure.

Zenturione. It is the Florentine Venus. Why point to her?

Fiesco. At least she pleases you.

Zibo. Undoubtedly, or we should be but poor Italians. But why this question now?

Fiesco. Travel through all the countries of the globe, and seek among the living models for that which is most happily executed, in which the charms of this imagined Venus are all united—

Zibo. Then we perhaps may take her for our reward?

Fiesco. Then your search will have convicted Fancy of deceit—

Zenturione. (*Impatiently*) And what shall we have gain'd?

Fiesco. Gain'd?—The long-protracted contest between Art and Nature.

Zenturione. (*Eagerly*) And what then?

Fiesco. Then? Then? (*laughing*) Then you will have forgotten to observe the fall of Genoa's liberty.

[*Exeunt all but FIESCO.*]

SCENE

SCENE VI.

FIESCO.—*solus.**(The noise without increases.)*

Fiesco. 'Tis well,—'tis well—The straw of the republic has caught fire. The flames have seized already on palaces and towers. Let it go on! Let the blaze be general! Let the tempestuous wind spread wide the conflagration!

SCENE VII.

FIESCO—MOOR, *entering in haste.*

Moor. Crouds upon crouds!

Fiesco. Throw open wide the gates. Let all, that choose it, enter—

Moor. Republicans! Republicans indeed! They drag their liberty along, panting like beasts of burden beneath the yoke of their magnificent nobility.

Fiesco. Fools! Who believe Fiesco of Lavagna will carry on what Fiesco of Lavagna did not begin. The tumult comes opportunely; but the conspiracy must be my own. They are rushing hither—

Moor. *(Going out)* Halloo! You beat the walls down, there—*(The people rush in—The doors broken down.)*

SCENE VIII.

FIESCO—*twelve Artizans.*

All Artizans. Vengeance on Doria! Vengeance on Gianettino!

Fiesco. Peace, my countrymen! Your waiting thus upon me bespeaks the warmth of your affection; but forbear these harsh expressions.

All. *(With impetuosity)* Down with the Dorias! Down with them, both the uncle, and the nephew!

Fiesco. *(Counting them, with a smile)* Twelve is a mighty force!

E

Some

Some of them. These Dorias must away—The state must be reformed.

1st. Artizan. To throw our magistrates down stairs!—The magistrates!

2d. Artizan. Think, Count Lavagna,—down stairs, when they opposed him in the election—

All. It must not be endured—It shall not be endured.

3d. Artizan. To take a sword into the senate!

1st. Artizan. A sword—The sign of war—Into the chamber of peace—

2d. Artizan. To come into the senate dressed in scarlet! Not like the other senators, in black.

1st. Artizan. To drive through our capital with eight horses!

All. A tyrant!—A traitor to the country and the government!

2d. Artizan. To hire two hundred Germans from the emperor for his body-guard!

1st. Artizan. To bring foreigners in arms against the natives—Germans against Italians—Soldiers beside the laws!

All. 'Tis treason—'tis a plot against the liberty of Genoa.

1st. Artizan. To have the arms of the republic painted on his coach!

2d. Artizan. The statue of Andreas placed in the centre of the senate-house.

All. Dash them to pieces—both the figure, and the man—

Fiesco. Citizens of Genoa, why this to me?

1st. Artizan. You shall not suffer it. You shall keep him down.

2d. Artizan. You are a wise man, and shall not suffer it. You shall direct us by your counsel.

1st. Artizan. You are a better nobleman. You shall chastise them, and curb their insolence.

Fiesco. Your confidence is flattering. Can I merit it by deed?

All. (*Clamorously*) Strike! Down with the tyrant! Make us free!

Fiesco.

Fiesco. But—Will you hear me?—

Some. Speak, Count!

Fiesco. (*seating himself*) Genoese, the empire of the animals was once thrown into confusion—Parties struggled with parties—till at last a bull-dog seized the throne. He, accustomed to drive the cattle to the knife of the butcher, ranged in a savage manner through the state. He bark'd—he bit—and gnawed his subjects bones. The nation murmured: the boldest joined together, and killed the princely monster. Now, a general assembly was held to decide upon the important question, which form of government was best. There were three different opinions. Genoese, what would be your decision?

1st. Artizan. For the people—

All. For the people—

Fiesco. The people gained the question. The government was democratical: each citizen had a vote, and every thing was submitted to a majority. But a few weeks past, ere men declared war against the new republic. The state assembled—horse, lion, tiger, bear, elephant and rhinoceros, stepped forth and roared aloud—to arms!—The rest were called upon to vote.—The lamb, the hare, the stag, the ass, the tribe of insects, with the birds and timid fishes cried for peace. See, Genoese! The cowards were more numerous than the brave: the foolish than the wise. Numbers prevailed—the beasts laid down their arms, and man exacted contributions from them. The democratic system was abandoned. Genoese, what would you next have chosen?

1st. & 2d. Artizan. A select government.

Fiesco. That was adopted. The business of the state was all arranged in separate departments. Wolves were the financiers—Foxes their secretaries.—Pigeons presided in the criminal courts, and tigers in the courts of equity.—The laws of chastity were regulated by the he-goats—Hares were the soldiers—Lions and elephants staid by the baggage.—The ass was the ambassador of the empire, and the mole the inspector-general of the whole administration.—

Genoese, what think you of this wise distribution? Those whom the wolf did not devour, the fox pilaged.—Whoever escaped from him was knocked down by the ass.—The tiger murdered innocents, whilst robbers and assassins were pardoned by the pigeon. And at the last, when each laid down his office, the mole declared that all were well discharged. The animals rebelled—"Let us," they cried unanimously, "choose a monarch, endowed with strength and skill, and who has only one stomach to appease." And to one chief they all did homage. Genoese—To one—but—(*rising and advancing majestically*) that one was—The Lion.—

All. (*Shouting and throwing up their hats*) Bravo! Bravo! Well managed, Count Lavagna!

1st. Artizan. And Genoa shall follow that example—Genoa also has its Lion.

Fiesco. Tell me not of that Lion—but go home, and think upon him. (*The ARTIZANS depart tumultuously.*) It is as I would have it. The people and the senate are alike enraged against Doria: the people and the senate alike approve Fiesco. Haffan! Haffan! I must take advantage of this favorable gale. Hoa! Haffan! Haffan! I must augment their hatred—improve my influence. Haffan! Come hither! Whorson of hell, come hither!

SCENE IX.

FIESCO—MOOR, *entering hastily.*

Moor. My feet are quite on fire with running—What is the matter now?

Fiesco. Hear my commands!

Moor. (*Submissively*) Where shall I run first? Where last?

Fiesco. I will excuse thy running this time. Thou shalt be dragged. Prepare thyself—I intend to publish thy attempted assassination, and deliver thee up in chains to the criminal tribunal.

Moor. (*Taking several steps backward*) Sir? That's contrary to agreement.

Fiesco.

Fiesco. Be not alarmed. 'Tis but a farce. At this moment 'tis of the utmost consequence that Gianettino's attempt against my life should be made public. Thou shalt be tried before the criminal tribunal.

Moor. Must I confess it, or deny?

Fiesco. Deny. They will put thee to the torture. Thou must hold out against the first degree—This, by the bye, will serve to expiate thy real crime. At the second, thou may'st confess.

Moor. (*Shaking his head with a look of apprehension*) The devil may play me a trick—Their worships will perhaps desire my company a little longer than I should wish, and to conclude the farce, I shall be broken on the wheel.

Fiesco. Thou shalt escape unhurt, I give thee my honor as a nobleman. I shall request to have thy punishment left to my own discretion, and then pardon thee before the whole republic.

Moor. Well—I agree to it. They will draw out my joints a little—but that will make them the more flexible.

Fiesco. Then scratch this arm with thy dagger, till the blood follows. I will pretend that I have just now seized thee in the fact. 'Tis well—(*hallooing violently*) Murder! Murder! Guard the passages! Make fast the gates!

(*He drags the MOOR out by the throat, servants run across the stage hastily.*)

SCENE X.

LEONORA and ROSA enter hastily, alarmed—

Leonora. Murder, they cried—Murder.—The noise came this way.

Rosa. Surely 'twas but a common tumult, such as happens every day in Genoa.

Leonora. They cried murder!—and I distinctly heard Fiesco's name. In vain you would deceive me—My heart discovers what is concealed from my

eyes. Quick! Hasten after them. See! Tell me where they carry him.

Rosa. Collect your spirits, Madam. Arabella is gone.

Leonora. Arabella will catch his dying look. The happy Arabella! Wretch that I am, 'twas I that murdered him. If I could have engaged his heart, he would not have plunged into the world, nor rush'd upon the daggers of the envious.—Ah—she comes—Away—Oh, Arabella, speak not to me!

SCENE XI.

The Former—ARABELLA.

Arabella. The Count is living and unhurt. I saw him gallop through the city. Never did he appear more handsome. The steed that bore him pranced haughtily along, and with its proud hoof kept the thronging multitude at distance from its princely rider. He saw me as he passed, and with a gracious smile thrice kissed his hand to me. (*archly*) What can I do with those kisses, Madam?

Leonora. (*Highly pleased*) Idle prattler! Return them to him.

Rosa. See now, how soon your colour has returned!

Leonora. His heart he throws away upon these girls, whilst I am anxious to obtain a look! Oh wives! wives! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE XII.

In the Palace of ANDREAS.

GIANETTINO and LOMELLINO enter hastily.

Gianettino. Let them roar for their liberty as a lions for her young—I am resolved.

Lomellino. But—most gracious Prince!

Gianettino. Away to hell with thy *Buts*, thou three-hours Procurator! I will not yield a hair's breadth. Let Genoa's towers shake their heads, and the
the

the hoarse sea rebellow *No* to it—I value not the opposing multitude.

Lomellino. The people are indeed the fuel; but the nobility blow up the flame. The whole republic is in a ferment, people, and patricians.

Gianettino. Then will I stand upon the mount like Nero, and entertain myself with looking at the flames.

Lomellino. 'Till the whole mass of sedition falls into the hands of some enterprising leader, who will take advantage of the general devastation.

Gianettino. Poh! Poh! I know but one who can be dangerous, and he is taken care of.

Lomellino. His Highness comes—

Enter ANDREAS—(both bow respectfully)

Andreas. Signor Lomellino, my niece wishes to take the air.

Lomellino. I shall have the honor of attending her.
[Exit LOMELLINO.]

SCENE XIII.

ANDREAS and GIANETTINO.

Andreas. Nephew, attend—I am much displeased with you.

Gianettino. Grant me a hearing, most gracious uncle!

Andreas. That I would grant to the meanest beggar in Genoa, if he deserved it. Never to a villain, though he should be my nephew. It is sufficient favor that I address thee as an uncle, not as a sovereign.

Gianettino. One word only, gracious Sir!

Andreas. Hear first what thou hast done, then answer me. Thou hast pulled down an edifice, which I had laboured for fifty years to raise—That which should have been thy uncle's mausoleum, his only pyramid—The affections of his countrymen.—This rashness Andreas pardons thee—

Gianettino. My uncle, and my sovereign!

Andreas.

Andreas. Interrupt me not—Thou hast injured that most glorious work of mine, the Constitution, which I brought down from Heaven for Genoa, which cost me so many sleepless nights, so many dangers, and so much blood. Before all Genoa thou hast cast a stain upon my honor in violating my institutions. Who will hold them sacred, if my own family despise them?—This folly thy uncle pardons thee.

Gianettino. (*Offended*) Sir, you educated me to be the Duke of Genoa.

Andreas. Be silent! Thou art a traitor to the state, and hast attacked its vital principle. Mark me, boy! That principle is *subordination*. Because the shepherd retired in the evening from his labour, thoughtest thou the flock deserted? Because Andreas' head is white with age, thoughtest thou, like a villain, to trample on the laws?

Gianettino. (*Insolently*) Peace, Duke! In my veins also boils the blood of that Andreas, before whom France has trembled.

Andreas. Be silent, I command thee. When I speak, the sea itself is wont to pay attention. Thou hast insulted the majesty of justice in its very sanctuary.—Rebel!—Dost thou know what punishment that crime demands?—Now answer!

(*GIANETTINO appears struck, and fixes his eyes on the ground without speaking.*)

Andreas. Wretched Andreas! In thy own heart thou hast bred the worm that gnaws thy merit. I built up a fabric for Genoa which should mock the lapse of ages, and am myself the first to cast a fire-brand into it. Thank my grey head which wishes to be laid in the grave by a relation's hand—Thank my unjust love, that I do not on the scaffold pour out thy rebellious blood to satisfy the violated laws. [*Exit.*]

SCENE

SCENE XIV.

GIANETTINO—LOMELLINO, *entering out of Breath and frightened.*

(GIANETTINO *looking after the Duke, speechless with Anger.*)

Lomellino. What have I seen ! What have I heard ! Fly, Prince ! Fly quickly ! All is lost—

Gianettino. (*With an inward rage*) What was there to lose ?

Lomellino. Genoa, Prince—I come from the market-place. The people were crouding round a Moor, who was dragged along bound with cords. The Count of Lavagna, with above three hundred nobles, followed to the criminal court—The Moor had been employed to assassinate Fiesco, and in the attempt was seized.

Gianettino. (*Stamping violently on the ground.*) What, are all the devils in hell let loose at once ?

Lomellino. They questioned him most strictly concerning his employer. The Moor confessed nothing.—They tried the first degree of torture. He confessed nothing.—They put him to the second. Then he spoke—He spoke—My gracious Lord, how could you trust your honor to such a villain ?

Gianettino. (*Fiercely*) Ask me no question !

Lomellino. Hear the rest ! Scarcely was the word Doria uttered—I would sooner have seen my name inscribed in the infernal register, than have heard your's thus mentioned—Scarcely was it uttered, when Fiesco shewed himself to the people.—You know the man—with the voice of persuasion, he commands, and plays the usurer with the hearts of the multitude. The whole assembly hung upon his looks, breathless with indignation.—He spoke little ; but bared his bleeding arm. The croud contended for the falling drops as if for relics. The Moor was given up to his disposal—and Fiesco—a mortal blow for us !—Fiesco pardoned him. Now the confined anger of the people

people burst forth in one tumultuous clamour. Each breath annihilated a Doria, and Fiesco was borne home amidst a thousand joyful acclamations.

Gianettino. (*With a ferocious laugh*) Let the flood of tumult swell up to my very throat—*The Emperor Charles!*—That sound alone shall strike them to the earth, so that not a murmur shall be heard in Genoa.

Lomellino. Bohemia is far from hence—If the Emperor hasten, he may perhaps be present at your funeral.

Gianettino. (*Drawing forth a letter with a great seal*) 'Tis fortunate, that he is here already.—Art thou surprised at this? And didst thou think me mad enough to brave the fury of enraged republicans, had I not known they were betrayed and sold?

Lomellino. (*With astonishment*) I know not what to think.

Gianettino. But I have thought of something which thou could'st not know. My plan is formed.—Ere two days are past, twelve senators must fall. Doria becomes sovereign, and Emperor Charles protects him.—You seem astonished—

Lomellino. Twelve senators! My bosom trembles to encounter, twelve times, a deed so horrible as murder.

Gianettino. Fool that thou art! upon these victims shall I build my throne. I consulted with the ministers of Charles, on the strong party which France still has in Genoa, and by which she might a second time seize on it, unless they should be rooted out. This worked upon the emperor—He approved my projects—And thou shalt write what I will dictate to thee.

Lomellino. I know not yet what 'tis you purpose.

Gianettino. Sit down, and write—

Lomellino. But what am I to write! (*seats himself.*)

Gianettino. The names of the twelve candidates for death—Francis Zenturione.

Lomellino. (*Writes*) In gratitude for his vote, he leads the funeral procession.

Gianettino.

Gianettino. Cornelio Calva.

Lomellino. — Calva—

Gianettino. Michael Zibo.

Lomellino. To cool him after his disappointment in the Procuratorship.

Gianettino. Thomas Afferato, and his three brothers.

(LOMELLINO stops.)

Gianettino. (Forcibly) And his three brothers—

Lomellino. (Writes) Go on—

Gianettino. Fiesco of Lavagna.

Lomellino. Beware of that black stone. If you stumble over it, it will be fatal to you.

Gianettino. Scipio Bourgognino.

Lomellino. He may celebrate elsewhere his wedding—

Gianettino. Ay—Where I shall be director of the nuptials. Raphael Sacco.

Lomellino. I should intercede for his life, until he shall have paid my five thousand crowns. (writes)—Death strikes the balance.

Gianettino. Vincent Calcagno.

Lomellino. Calcagno—The twelfth I write at my own risk, unless our mortal enemy be overlooked.

Gianettino. The end crowns all—Joseph Verrina.

Lomellino. He is the very head of the viper, that threatens us. (Rises and presents the paper to GIANETTINO.) Two days hence death makes a splendid feast, at which twelve of the chief of Genoa's nobles will be present.

Gianettino. (Signs the paper) 'Tis done—Two days hence will be the ducal election. When the senate shall be assembled for that purpose, these twelve shall on a sudden signal be laid low. My two hundred Germans will have surrounded the senate-house—At that moment, I enter, and claim homage as the Duke. (Rings the bell.)

Lomellino. And what of Andreas?

Gianettino. (Contemptuously) He is an old man. (Enter servant) If the Duke should ask for me, say I am

am gone to mass. (*exit servant.*) I must conceal the devil that's within beneath a faintly garb.

Lomellino. But, my Lord, the paper?

Giauettino. Take thou, and circulate it among our party.—This letter must be dispatched by express to Levanto. 'Tis to inform Spinola of our intended plan, and to direct him to reach the capital early in the morning. (*Going.*)

Lomellino. Stop, Prince—there is an error in our calculation—Fiesco does not attend the senate.

Gianettino. (*Looking back*) Genoa will easily supply one more assassin—I'll see to that.

[*Exeunt different ways.*]

SCENE XV.

An Antichamber in FIESCO'S Palace.

FIESCO, with Papers before him—and MOOR.

Fiesco. Four gallies have entered the harbour, dost thou say?

Moor. Yes, they're at anchor in the port.

Fiesco. That's well. Whence are these expresses?

Moor. From Rome, Placentia, and France.

Fiesco. (*Opens the letters, and runs over them*) Welcome! Welcome news! (*in high spirits*) Let the messengers be treated in a princely manner.

Moor. Hem!—(*going*)

Fiesco. Stop, stop, here's work for thee in plenty.

Moor. Command me. I am ready to act the setter, or the blood-hound.

Fiesco. I only want at present the voice of the decoy-bird. To-morrow early, two thousand men will enter the city in disguise, to engage in my service. Distribute thy assistants at the gates, and let them keep a watchful eye upon the strangers that arrive. Some will be dressed like pilgrims on their journey—others like mendicant friars—or Savoyards—or actors—Some as pedlars, and musicians—Most as disbanded soldiers come to seek a livelihood in Genoa. Let every

every one be asked where he takes up his lodging. If he answer, at the golden snake, let him be treated as a friend, and shewn my habitation. Fellow, I rely upon thy prudence.

Moor. Sir, you may rely on that, as much as on my knavery. If a single head escape me, pluck out my eyes, and shoot at sparrows with them. (*Going*)

Fiesco. Stop—I've another piece of business for thee. The arrival of the galleys will excite suspicion in the city. If any one enquire of thee about them, say thou hast heard it whispered that thy master intends to cruize against the Turks. Dost thou understand me?

Moor. Yes, yes, the basket has a specious cover; what is within heaven knows. (*Going*)

Fiesco. Stop once more—Gianettino has new reasons to hate me, and lay snares against my life. Go—see among the fellows of thy trade, if thou canst not find out some plot on foot against me. Visit the brothels—Doria often frequents them. The secrets of the cabinet are sometimes lodg'd within the folds of the petticoats. Promise these ladies golden customers. Promise them thy master—let nothing be too sacred to be used in fathoming this miry pool 'till thou canst find the bottom.

Moor. Ha! luckily I am acquainted with one Diana Buononi, whom I have served above a year as procurer. The other day I saw the Signor Lomellino coming out of her house.

Fiesco. That suits my purpose well. This very Lomellino is the key to all Doria's projects. Tomorrow thou shalt go thither. Perhaps he is to-night the Endymion of this chaste Diana.

Moor. One more question, my Lord. Suppose the people ask me—and that they will, I'll pawn my soul upon it—suppose they ask, "what does Fiesco think of Genoa?" Would you still wear the mask?—or—how shall I answer them?

Fiesco. Answer?—Hum!—The fruit is ripe. The pains of labour announce the approaching birth.

F

Answer

Answer that Genoa lies upon the block, and that thy master's name is—John Louis Fiesco—

Moor. (With an air of satisfaction) That business shall be managed neatly for you, I'll pledge the credit of my profession on it. Now be alert, friend Hassan! First to a tavern—My feet have work enough cut out for them. I must coax my stomach to intercede with my legs. *(Hastening away—returns)* Oh, apropos! My chattering made me almost forget one circumstance. You wish'd to know what passed between Calcagno and your wife. A refusal, Sir—That's all—*(Runs off.)*

SCENE XVI.

FIESCO, *solus.*

I pity thee, Calcagno—Didst thou think I should upon so delicate a point have been thus careless, had I not relied on my wife's virtue, and my own superior merits? I approve this new relationship. Thou art a good soldier. This shall unite thy arm with mine, to the destruction of Doria. *(Walking up and down.)*—Now, Doria, let us come to the contest! all the machines are ready for the grand attempt—The instruments are tun'd for the tremendous concert—Nought is wanting but to throw off the mask, and shew Fiesco to the patriots of Genoa. *(Some persons are heard approaching)* Ha! Visitors!—Who can be coming to disturb me?

SCENE XVII.

FIESCO—VERRINA—ROMANO, *with a picture*—
SACCO—BOURGOGNINO—CALCAGNO.

Fiesco. (Receiving them with great affability) Welcome, my worthy friends! What important business brings you all hither? Are you too come, my dear brother, Verrina!—I should almost have forgotten you, had you not more frequently been present to my thoughts than to my sight. I think I have not seen you since my last entertainment.

Verrina.

Verrina. Do not count the hours, Fiesco ! heavy burthens have in that interval weighed down my aged head. But enough of this—

Fiesco. Not enough to satisfy the anxiety of friendship. You must inform me further when we are alone. (*Addressing BOURGOGNINO*) Welcome, brave youth ! Our acquaintance is yet green ; but my affection for thee is already ripe. Has your esteem for me improved ?

Bourgognino. 'Tis on the increase.

Fiesco. Verrina, it is reported that this brave young man is to be your son-in-law. Receive my warmest approbation of your choice. I have conversed with him but once ; and yet I should be proud to call him my relation.

Verrina. That opinion might, on my daughter's account, make me vain.

Fiesco (*To the others*) Sacco, Calcagno, all unfrequent visitors—I should fear your absence were a proof that I had been deficient in politeness. And here I greet a fifth guest, unknown to me indeed, but sufficiently recommended by this worthy circle.

Romano. He, my Lord, is but a painter, named Romano, who lives on what he steals from Nature. His pencil is his only coat of arms. And he now comes hither to catch some features for a head of Brutus.

Fiesco. Give me your hand, Romano ! I admire the mistress whom you serve. Art is the right hand of Nature. The latter gave us being, but 'twas the former made us men. What are the subjects of your labour ?

Romano. Scenes from the heroic ages of antiquity. At Florence is my dying Hercules, at Venice, my Cleopatra, the Ajax furious, at Rome, where, in the Vatican, the heroes of past times rise again to light.

Fiesco. And what just now employs your pencil ?

Romano. Alas ! my Lord, I've thrown away my pencil. The animation of my genius seemed not to keep pace with the progress of my life. The crown

of popular applause shines but awhile—This is my last production—

Fiesco. (*In a lively manner*) It could not come more opportunely. I feel to-day a more than usual cheerfulness—A sentiment of tranquil pleasure pervades my being, and fits it to receive the impression of Nature's beauties. Let us view your picture—I shall feast upon the sight. Come, friends, we will devote ourselves entirely to the artist. Place your picture.

Verrina. (*Apart to the others*) Now, Genoese, observe!

Romano. (*Placing the picture*) The light must fall upon it thus—Draw up that curtain—Let fall the other—Right—(*standing on one side*) It is the story of Virginia, and Appius Claudius.

(*A long pause—all contemplate the picture*)

Verrina. (*With enthusiasm*) Strike, aged father! Dost thou tremble, tyrant? How pale you stand there, senseless Romans! Follow him, senseless Romans!—The sword yet glitters—Follow *me*, senseless Genoese! Down with Doria! Down with him! (*striking at the picture*)

Fiesco. (*To the painter, smiling*) Do you require more applause? Your art transforms this old man into a beardless dreamer.

Verrina. (*Exhausted*) Where am I! What is become of me! They vanish'd away like bubbles. Thou here, Fiesco! and the tyrant living!

Fiesco. My friends, amidst this admiration you have overlook'd the parts most truly beauteous. Does this Roman's head thus strike you? Look there! Observe this damsel—what soft expression! What a feminine delicacy! How sweetly touch'd are those pale lips! How exquisite that dying look! Inimitable! Divine Romano! And that white dazzling breast, that heaves with the last pulse of life. Draw more such beauties, Romano, and I will give up Nature to worship thy creative fancy.

Bourgognino. Is it *thus*, Verrina, your hopes are answered?

Verrina.

Verrina. Take courage, son! The Almighty has rejected the arm of Fiesco. We will be his instruments.

Fiesco. (*To ROMANO*) Well—'Tis your last work, Romano—Your powers are exhausted—Throw away the pencil. Yet, whilst I am admiring the artist, I forget to devour the work. I could stand gazing on it, and disregard an earthquake. Take away your picture—the wealth of Genoa would be too little to pay for this Virginia—Take it away—

Romano. Honour sufficiently rewards the artist—I present it to you. (*Offers to go away.*)

Fiesco. Stay, Romano! (*He walks majestically up and down the room, seeming to reflect on something of importance—sometimes he casts a quick and penetrating glance at the others—at last he takes ROMANO by the hand, and leads him to the picture*). Come hither, painter—(*with dignified pride*) So self-contented stand'st thou there, because thou animatest the dead canvass with unreal life, and, at no hazard, canst immortalize heroic actions? Thy boast is nothing but the glow of fiction, the idle play of fancy: it wants a heart, a spring of daring action. Thou overthrowest tyrants on thy tablet, and art thyself a miserable slave. Thou freest nations with thy pencil, but thine own chains thou canst not break asunder. (*In a loud and commanding tone*) Go! Thy work is trifling. Let appearance give way to action! (*with haughtiness, overturning the picture*) I have done, what thou—hast only painted. (*All struck with astonishment—ROMANO carries away the picture, in confusion*).

SCENE XVIII.

The former, except ROMANO.

Fiesco. (*After a pause*) Did you suppose the lion slept, because he ceas'd to roar? Did your vain thoughts persuade you, that none but you could feel the chains of Genoa? That none but you durst break them? Before you knew their weight, Fiesco had already broken them. (*He opens a scrutoire, takes out a*

parcel of letters, and throws them on the table) These bring soldiers from Parma—these, French money—these, four galleys from the Pope—What now is wanting to hurl the tyrant from his throne? Tell me, what think you wanting? (*All stand silent with astonishment—FIESCO steps forward, with a look of conscious dignity*) Republicans, you waste your time in curses, when you should overturn the tyrant.

(*All but VERRINA throw themselves at FIESCO's feet.*)

Verrina. Fiesco—my spirit bends to thine—but my knee cannot. Thy soul is great—but—Rise Genoese! (*They rise.*)

Fiesco. All Genoa was indignant at the effeminate Fiesco: all Genoa curs'd the profligate Fiesco.—Genoese, Genoese, my amours have blinded the cunning despot. My wild excesses served to guard my plans from the danger of an imprudent confidence. Concealed beneath the cloak of luxury, the infant plot grew up—Enough—I'm known sufficiently to Genoa, in being known to you. I have attained my utmost wish.

Bourgognino. (*Throwing himself indignantly into a chair*) Am I, then, nothing?

Fiesco. But let us turn from thought to action. All the engines are prepared—I can storm the city by sea and land—Rome, France, and Parma cover me—The nobles are disaffected—The hearts of the populace are mine—I have lull'd to sleep the tyrants—The state is ripe for revolution. We are no longer in the hands of Fortune. Nothing is wanting.—But Verrina is lost in thought—

Bourgognino. Patience!—I have a word to say which will more quickly rouse him than the trumpet of the last day—(*going to VERRINA, calls out to him emphatically*) Father! awake!—Thy Bertha will despair.

Verrina. Who spoke those words!—Genoese, to arms!

Fiesco. Think on the means of forwarding our plan. Night has advanc'd upon our discourse: Genoa is wrapt in sleep: The tyrant wearied by the sins of
of

of the day, sinks down to rest.—Watch for the tyrant! For your country!

Bourgognino. Let us, before we part, consecrate our heroic union by an embrace! (*they form a circle, with joined arms*) Here unite five of the bravest hearts in Genoa, to decide their country's fate. (*All embrace eagerly*) When the universe shall fall asunder, and the eternal sentence shall cut in twain the bonds of consanguinity and love—Then may this five-fold band of heroes remain entire!

(*They separate.*)

Verrina. When shall we next assemble?

Fiesco. At noon, to-morrow, I'll hear your sentiments.

Verrina. Well—at noon to-morrow—Good night, Fiesco! Come, Bourgognino—you will hear something wonderful.

[*Exeunt VERRINA and BOURGOGNINO.*]

Fiesco. (*To the others*) Depart by the back-gates, that Doria's spies may not suspect us.

[*Exeunt SACCO and CALCAGNO.*]

SCENE XIX.

FIESCO, *solus.*

(*Walking up and down, in meditation*) What a tumult is in my breast! What a concourse of dark, uncertain images! Like guilty wretches stealing out in secret to do some horrid deed, with trembling steps, and blushing faces bent toward the ground, these flattering phantoms glide athwart my soul. Stay—Stay—Let me examine you more closely—A virtuous thought strengthens the heart of man, and boldly meets the day—Ha! I know you, robed in the livery of Satan—Avaunt! (*a pause—he continues with energy*) FIESCO the Patriot?—The Duke FIESCO?—Peace! On this steep precipice the boundaries of virtue terminate: heaven and hell are separated. Here have heroes stumbled, here have they fallen, and left behind a name loaded with curses—Here, too, have heroes paus'd, here check'd their course, and

and risen to immortality. (*More vehemently*) To know the hearts of Genoa mine! To govern with a master's hand this formidable state!—O artifice of sin, that masks each devil with an angel's face! Fatal ambition! Everlasting tempter! Won by thy charms, angels abandoned heaven, and Death sprung from thy embraces. (*Shuddering*) Thy firen voice draws angels from their celestial mansions: Man thou ensnarest with beauty, riches, power. (*After a pause—in a firm tone*) To gain a diadem is great—To reject it is divine. (*Resolutely*) Perish the tyrant! Let Genoa be free—and I—(*much affected*) will be its happiest citizen.

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Midnight. A dreary Wilderness.

VERRINA and BOURGOGNINO entering.

Bourgognino. (stands still)—

BUT whither are you leading me father. The heavy grief that hung upon your mind when first you bade me follow you, still seems to labor in your panting breast. Break this dreadful silence!—Speak! I will go no further.

Verrina. This is the place.

Bourgognino. You could not choose a spot more awful. Father, if the deed you purpose be like the place—Father—my hair will stand upright with horror.

Verrina. Yet it is bright and cheerful to the gloom that enwraps my soul. Follow me to yon church-yard, where Corruptions preys on the mould'ring carcases, and Death holds his abhorred feast—where shrieks of tormented souls delight the listening devils, and sorrow sheds her fruitless tears into the never-filling urn.—There my son, where the condition of this world is changed, and God's indulgence ceases—there will I speak to thee in agony, and thou shalt hear me with despair.

Bourgognino. Hear! what! I conjure you, father.

Verrina. Youth!—I fear—Youth, thy blood is warm and rosy, thy flesh is soft and tender—Such natures are alive to human kindness—This warmth of feeling melts

melts my obdurate wisdom. If the frost of age, or sorrow's leaden pressure had check'd the sprightly vigor of thy spirits—If black congealed blood had closed the avenues of thy heart against the approaches of humanity—Then would thy mind be suited to the language of my grief, and thou would'st look with admiration on my project.

Bourgognino. I will hear it, and embrace it as my own.

Verrina. Not so, my son—Verrina will not wound thy heart with it. O Scipio, heavy burdens lie on this breast.—A thought more dark and horrible than night, too vast to be contained within the breast of man! Mark me—my hand alone shall execute the deed; but my mind alone cannot support the weighty secret. If I were proud, Scipio, I might say, Greatness unshared is torture. It was a burden to the Deity himself, and he created angels to partake his counsels—Hear, Scipio!

Bourgognino. My soul devours thy words.

Verrina. Hear! But answer nothing—Nothing, young man!—Observe me—Not a word—Fiesco must die—

Bourgognino. (*Struck with astonishment*) Die! Fiesco!

Verrina. Die.—I thank thee, God, the word is spoken—Fiesco must die.—My son—die by my hand.—Now go! There are deeds too high for human judgment. They appeal alone to Heaven's tribunal. Such an one is this. Go! I neither want thy blame nor approbation. I know my inward struggles, that is sufficient. But hear! These thoughts might weary out thy mind even to madness.—Hear! Didst thou observe yesterday with what pride he viewed his greatness reflected from our wondering countenances? The man whose smiles deceived all Italy, will he endure in Genoa his equals? Go! 'Tis certain that Fiesco will overthrow the tyrant.—'Tis as certain he will become a tyrant still more dangerous. [*Exit hastily. BOURGOGNINO looks after him with surprise, and speechless, then follows slowly.*]

SCENE

SCENE II.

An Apartment in FIESCO'S House. In the Middle of the back Scene a Glass Door, through which is seen a View of the Sea and GENOA. Day-break.

Fiesco. (At the window) The moon is down—
The morning rises fiery from the sea—Wild fancies
have dispelled my sleep, and drawn together all my
faculties round one idea.—Let me breathe the pure
fresh-blowing air—*(he opens the glass door: the town
and sea appear red with the tint of morning. FIESCO
walking up and down the room: with energy)*—I, the
greatest man in Genoa! And should not little souls
bend down before the great?—But is not this to
trample upon virtue? *(stands still)*—Virtue?—The
elevated being feels not the vulgar impulse—Shall he
share the vulgar virtues? Can the armour, which en-
cases the pigmy's feeble body, be suited to the giant?
(The sun rises over GENOA.)—This majestic city
mine! *(spreading out his arms as if to embrace it)*—
To flame above it like the god of day! To spread
over it the strong protection of a kingly arm! To
plunge my ardent wishes into this unfathomable
ocean!—Surely, whate'er the guilt of the attempt,
'twill be ennobled by a prize so splendid! The petty
thief meets only with contempt. The plunderer of
thousands is thought audacious.—But he who seizes
on a crown, gains deathless honor. As guilt extends
its sphere, the infamy decreases, *(a pause, then with
energy)*—To obey, or to command! I stand upon the
giddy precipice of a chasm, which can be filled by
nothing human. In vain the conqueror would bring
his trophies—the artist his sublime productions—the
epicure his pleasures. To obey, or, to command!
To exist, or, be annihilated!—The space between
them is as wide as from the lowest seraph to the Al-
mighty. *(In an elevated tone)* From that awful height
to look securely down upon the busy scene, which
fortune with capricious sway directs! To quaff the
deepest draughts from the rich cup of pleasure! To
hold

hold the law itself in chains, a frowning captive, and see it struggle with fruitless efforts against the power of majesty!—To curb the stubborn passions of the people, and guide them like foaming steeds, indignantly submitting to the bit!—With a breath to quell the rising pride of vassals, whilst the Prince can with the motion of his sceptre call to life even the dreams of his disordered fancy! Ah! What thoughts are these! which urge the astonished mind beyond the boundaries of nature. *Prince*—On one moment hang thy fairest hopes! 'Tis the exalted station that gives to life its value. The murmurs, which compose the thunder's sound, might singly lull to sleep an infant; their united crash can rend the eternal vault of Heaven.—I am determined! (*Walking up and down majestically.*)

SCENE III.

FIESCO. LEONORA, (*entering with a Look of Anxiety.*)

Leonora. Pardon me, Count. I fear, I interrupt your morning rest.

Fiesco. (*Steps back with astonishment*) Indeed, Madam, you surprise me very unexpectedly.

Leonora. That cannot happen among those that love.

Fiesco. Charming Countess, you expose your beauty to the rude breath of morning.

Leonora. I know not why I should preserve its small remains for grief to feed on.

Fiesco. Grief, my love! I thought that to be free from cares of state was happiness—

Leonora. It may be so—but my weak female heart, even amidst this happiness is breaking. I come, Sir, to trouble you with a trifling request, if you can spare a moment's time to hear me. These seven months past I have indulged the idle dream of being Countess of Lavagna. It now has past away, and left a painful weight upon my mind. Amid the pleasures of my innocent childhood, I must seek relief

lief to my disordered spirits.—Permit me, therefore, to return into the arms of my good mother.—

Fiesco. (*Much struck*) Countess!

Leonora. My heart is a poor trembling thing, which you should pity. Even the least remembrance of my visionary joy might wound my sickly fancy. I therefore restore the last memorials of your kindness to their just owner. (*She lays some trinkets on the table*) This too, that like a dagger struck my heart (*presenting a letter*) This too!—(*going to rush out of the door in tears*) And I will retain nothing, but the wound.

Fiesco. (*Agitated, hastens after her, and detains her.*) For God's sake, stay!

Leonora. (*Falls into his arms, exhausted*) To be your wife was more than I deserved—But she who was your wife deserved at least *respect*. How will the wives and maidens of Genoa look down upon me! “See,” they will say, “how fades the haughty female whose vanity aspired to Fiesco!”—Cruel punishment of my pride!—I triumphed over my whole sex, when my Fiesco led me to the altar—

Fiesco. Madam!

Leonora, 'Tis well—He changes colour—I revive.

Fiesco. Wait only two days, Countess—Then judge my conduct—

Leonora. To be sacrificed.—Let me not speak it in thy chaste presence, O thou Virgin Day!—To be sacrificed to a shameless wanton!—Look on me, my husband!—Ah, surely those eyes that make all Genoa tremble, must hide themselves before a weeping woman—

Fiesco. (*Extremely confused*) No more, Signora!—No more—

Leonora. (*With a melancholy look of reproach*) To rend the heart of a poor helpless female!—Oh, it is worthy of that manly sex. Into these arms I threw myself, and on their strength reposed my feminine weakness.—To him, I trusted the heaven of my hopes.—The generous man bestowed it on ———

G

Fiesco.

Fiesco. (*Interrupting her, with vehemence*) No—my Leonora!

Leonora. My Leonora!—Heaven, I thank thee! These were the sounds of love yet unalloyed.—I ought to hate thee, faithless man! And yet I fondly grasp the shadow of thy tenderness.—Hate! said I?—hate Fiesco?—Oh, believe it not!—Thy perfidy may bid me die, but cannot bid me hate thee—I did not know my heart—

(*The Moor is heard approaching.*)

Fiesco. Leonora!—Grant me one trifling favor—

Leonora. Every thing, Fiesco,—but indifference—

Fiesco. Well, well. (*significantly.*) 'Till Genoa be two days older, do not ask—Do not condemn me—(*leads her politely to another apartment.*)

SCENE IV.

FIESCO—*The Moor, (entering hastily.)*

Fiesco. Whence come you, thus out of breath?

Moor. Quick, my Lord!

Fiesco. Has any thing run into the net?

Moor. Read this letter.—Am I really here? Methinks Genoa is become shorter by twelve streets, or else my legs are so much longer. You change colour—Yes, yes—They play at cards for lives, and yours is the chief stake. How do you like it?

Fiesco. (*Throws the letter on the table with horror*) Thou woolly-pated rascal! How camest thou by that letter?

Moor. Much in the same way that your Grace will gain the state.—An express was sent with it toward Levanto. I smelt out the business: way-laid the fellow in a narrow pass, dispatched the fox, and brought the poultry hither.

Fiesco. His blood be on thee!—As for the letter, 'tis not to be paid with gold.

Moor. Yet I will be content with silver for it. (*Seriously, and with a look of importance*)—Count of Lavagna! 'Twas but the other day I sought your life. To day (*pointing to the letter*) I have preserved it.

it. Now I think his Lordship and the scoundrel are even—My further service is an act of friendship—*(presents another paper)*—Number two!—

Fiesco. *(Receives it with astonishment)*—Art thou mad?

Moor. Number two—*(with an air of consequence)*—The Lion has not acted foolishly in pardoning the mouse.—Ah! 'Twas a deed of policy. Who else could e'er have gnawed the net with which he was furrounded? Now, Sir—How like you that?

Fiesco. Fellow, how many devils hast thou in pay?

Moor. But one, Sir, at your service, and he is in your Grace's keeping.

Fiesco. What!—Doria's signature! Whence dost thou bring this paper?

Moor. Fresh from the hands of my Diana.—I went to her last night, tempted her with your charming words, and still more charming sequins. The last prevailed—She bade me call early in the morning. The Count had been there as you foretold, and paid for his forbidden joys, with this deposit.

Fiesco. Oh these vile women's slaves!—They would govern kingdoms, and cannot keep a secret from a harlot.—By these papers I learn that Doria and his party have formed a plot to murder me, with eleven senators, and to place Gianettino on the throne.

Moor. Even so.—And *that* upon the morning of the ducal election—the third of this month.

Fiesco. *(Vehemently)* The night of our enterprize shall smother that morning in its very birth. Speed thee, Hassan! My affairs are ripe. Collect thy fellows. We will prevent our adversaries in this bloody business. Be active, Hassan!

Moor. I have a budget full of news beside. Two thousand soldiers are smuggled luckily into the city. I've lodg'd them with the Capuchins, where not even a prying sun-beam can espy them. They burn with eagerness to see their leader. They are fine fellows!

Fiesco. Each head of them shall yield to thee a ducat. Is there no talk about my gallies?

Moor. Oh, I've a pleasant story of them, my Lord—Above four hundred adventurers whom the peace 'twixt France and Spain has left without employ, besought my people to recommend them to your Grace, to fight against the Infidels. I have appointed them to meet this evening in the palace-court.

Fiesco. (*pleased*) I could almost embrace thee, rascal.—A masterly stroke!—Four hundred, said'st thou?—Genoa is in my power—Four hundred crowns are thine—

Moor. (*With an air of confidence*) Ah, Fiesco! We two will pull the state in pieces, and sweep away the laws as with a besom.—You know not how many hearty fellows I have among the garrison—lads that I can reckon on as surely as on a trip to hell. Now I've so laid my plans, that at each gate we have among the guard at least six of our creatures, who will be enough to overcome the others by persuasion, or by wine.—If you wish to risk a blow to-night you'll find the centinels all drench'd with liquor.

Fiesco. Peace, fellow! Hitherto I have moved the vast machine myself. Shall I now beg assistance from so vile a slave as thee? Give me thy hand—Whate'er the *Count* remains indebted to thee, the *Duke* shall pay.

Moor. And here, too, is a note from the Countess Imperiali. She beckon'd to me from her window, when I went up, received me graciously—asked me ironically if the Countess of Lavagna had not been lately troubled with the spleen—Does your Grace, said I, enquire but for one person?

Fiesco. (*Having read the note, throws it aside*) Well—What answer made she?

Moor. She answered that she still lamented the fate of the poor widow—that she was willing to give her satisfaction, and meant to forbid your Grace's attentions.

Fiesco. (*With a sneer*) Which, of themselves, may possibly be ended before the day of judgment. Is that all thy business, Hassan?

Moor.

Moor. (*Ironically*) My Lord, the affairs of the ladies, are next to those of state.

Fiesco. Without a doubt, and these especially. But for what purpose are these papers?

Moor. To remove one plague by another—These powders the Signora gave me, to mix one every day with your wife's chocolate.

Fiesco. (*Starting*)—Gave thee!

Moor. Donna Julia, Countess Imperiali—

Fiesco. (*Snatching them from him eagerly*) If thou liest, rascal, I'll hang thee up alive in irons at the weathercock of the Lorenzo tower, where the wind shall whirl thee nine times round with every blast—The powders?

Moor. (*Impatiently*) I am to give your wife, mix'd with her chocolate—So Donna Julia Imperiali ordered me.

Fiesco. (*Enraged*)—Monster! monster!—This lovely creature!—Is there room for so much hell within a female bosom?—And I forgot to thank thee, heavenly Providence, that hast frustrated it through such a devil. Wondrous are thy ways!—(*To the Moor*)—Swear to me to obey, and keep this secret.

Moor. Very well. That I can easily do—she paid me ready money.

Fiesco. This note invites me to her.—I'll be with you, Madam, and bring you hither. Well, now haste thee, and call together the conspirators.

Moor. This order I anticipated, and therefore at my own risk appointed every one to come at ten o'clock precisely.

Fiesco. I hear the sound of footsteps—They are here. Fellow, thy villainy deserves a gallows of its own, on which no son of Adam was ever yet suspended. Wait in the antichamber, 'till I call for thee.

Moor. The Moor has done his work—The Moor may go. [Exit.

SCENE V.

FIESCO—VERRINA—BOURGOGNINO—CALCAGNO—
SACCO.

Fiesco. (*Meeting them*) The tempest is approaching; the clouds rush together. Advance with caution. Let all the doors be lock'd.

Verrina. Eight chambers have I made fast behind me. Suspicion cannot come within a hundred steps of us.

Bourgognino. Here is no traitor, unless our fear become one.

Fiesco. Fear cannot pass my threshold. Welcome he, whose mind remains the same as yesterday. Be seated—(*they seat themselves*).

Bourgognino. (*Walking up and down*) I do not like to sit in cold deliberation, when action calls upon me.

Fiesco. Genoese, this hour is eventful.

Verrina. Thou hast challeng'd us to propose a plan for the dethroning of the tyrant. Demand of us—we are here to answer thee.

Fiesco. First, then, a question, which as it comes so late you may think strange—*Who is to fall?*—(*A pause*)

Bourgognino. (*Leaning over FIESCO's chair with an expressive look*)—The Tyrants.

Fiesco. Well spoken. The Tyrants. I intreat you weigh well the importance of the *Word*—He who but pretends to trample on the liberties of Genoa—who has it in his power—who else should be the tyrant?

Verrina. The first I hate—I fear the latter. Let Andreas Doria fall.

Calcagno. (*With emotion*) Andreas! The old Andreas!—Who perhaps to-morrow may pay the debt of nature.

Sacco. Andreas!—That mild old man!

Fiesco. Formidable is that old man's mildness, O my friend—the brutality of Gianettino only deserves contempt. “Let Andreas fall,” There spoke thy wisdom, Verrina.

Bourgognino.

Bourgognino. The chain of iron, and the cord of silk, alike are bonds. Let Andreas perish.

Fiesco. (*Going to the table*) The sentence then is past upon the uncle and the nephew. Sign it—(*they all sign.*) The question *who* is settled. (*They seat themselves again*)—*How*, must be next determined. Speak first, Calcagno.

Calcagno. We must execute it, either as soldiers or assassins. The first is dangerous, because we must have many confidants. 'Tis also doubtful, because the people's hearts are not all for us. To act the second we have five good daggers. Two days hence, high mass will be performed in the Lorenzo church—both the Dorias will be present. In the house of God, even a tyrant's cares are lull'd to sleep.—I have done.

Fiesco. (*Turning away*) Calcagno, your plan is politic, but 'tis detestable. Raphael Sacco, yours?

Sacco. Calcagno's reasons please me, but the means he chooses, my mind revolts at. It were better, Fiesco, that you should invite the uncle and the nephew to a feast, where encircled by republicans they might receive their death either upon the dagger's point, or from a draught of Cyprian wine. This method is at least *convenient*.

Fiesco. (*With horror*) Ah, Sacco! What if the wine their dying tongues shall taste become for us torments of burning pitch in hell?—Away with this advice! Speak thou, Verrina.

Verrina. An open heart scorns a dissembling countenance. Assassination degrades us to banditti. The hero advances sword in hand. I propose to give aloud the signal of revolt, and boldly rouse the patriots of Genoa to vengeance—(*he starts from his seat, the others do the same*).

Bourgognino. (*Embracing him*) And with armed hand wrest Fortune's favours from her. This is the voice of honour, and my own.

Fiesco. And mine. Shame on you, Genoese! (*to SACCO, and CALCAGNO*)—Fortune has already done too much for us, let something be our own. Therefore open revolt!—And that, Genoese, this ve-

ry night—(*VERRINA and BOURGOGNINO astonished—the others terrified*).

Calcagno. What! To night! The tyrants are yet too powerful, our force too small.

Sacco. To-night! And nought prepared. The day declines.

Fiesco. Your doubts are reasonable, but read these papers (*he gives them GIANETTINO's papers, and walks up and down with a look of satisfaction whilst they read them eagerly*)—Now, farewell thou proud and haughty star of Genoa, that didst seem to fill the whole horizon with thy brightness. Knewest thou not that the majestic sun himself must quit the heavens, and yield his sceptre to the radiant moon. Farewell, thou star, Doria!

Bourgognino. (*After reading the papers*) This is horrible.

Calcagno. Twelve victims at a blow!

Verrina. To-morrow in the senate-house!

Bourgognino. Give me these papers, and I will ride with them through Genoa, holding them up to view. The very stones will rise in mutiny, and even the dogs will howl against the tyrant.

All. Revenge! Revenge! Revenge!—This very night!

Fiesco. Now you have reach'd the point. At sunset I will invite hither the principal malcontents. All those that stand upon the bloody list of Gianettino. Besides, the Sauli, the Gentili, Vivaldi, Vesodimari, all mortal enemies of the house of Doria; but whom the tyrant forgot to fear. They, doubtless, will embrace my plan with eagerness.

Bourgognino. I doubt it not.

Fiesco. Above all things, we must render ourselves masters of the sea. Gallies and seamen I have ready. The twenty vessels of the Dorias are dismantled, and may be easily surprised. The entrance of the inner harbour must be block'd up, all hope of flight cut off. If we secure this point, all Genoa is in our power.

Verrina. Doubtless.

Fiesco. Then we must seize the strongest posts in the city, especially the gate of St. Thomas, which, leading

leading to the harbour, connects our land and naval forces. Both the Dorias must be surpris'd within their palaces, and kill'd. The bells must toll—The citizens be call'd upon to side with us, and vindicate the liberties of Genoa. If Fortune favour us, you shall hear the rest in the senate.

Verrina. The plan is good. Now for the distribution of our parts.

Fiesco. (*Significantly*) Genoese, you choose me, of your own accord, as chief of the conspiracy. Will you obey my further orders?

Verrina. As certainly as they shall be the best.

Fiesco. Verrina, dost thou know the principle of all warlike enterprise? Instruct him, Genoese. It is *subordination*. If your will be not subjected to my own—Observe me well—If I be not the head of the association, I am no more a member.

Verrina. A life of freedom is well worth some hours of slavery. We obey.

Fiesco. Then leave me now. Let one of you reconnoitre the city, and inform me of the strength or weakness of the several posts. Let another find out the watch-word. A third must see the galleys are prepared. A fourth conduct the two thousand soldiers into my palace-court. I myself will make all preparations here for the evening, and pass the interval perhaps in play. At nine precisely let all be at my palace to hear my final orders—(*rings the bell*)

Verrina. I take the harbour.

Bourgognino. I the soldiers.

Calcagno. I'll learn the watch-word.

Sacco. I'll reconnoitre Genoa. [Exeunt.

SCENE VI.

FIESCO. MOOR.

Fiesco. (*Seated at a desk, and writing*) Did they not struggle against the word *subordination*, as the insect against the needle which transfixes it?—But 'tis too late, republicans.

Moor. (*Entering*) My Lord—

Fiesco.

Fiesco. (*Rising, gives him a paper*) Invite all those whose names are written here, to see a play this evening at my palace.

Moor. Perhaps to act a part—and pay the admittance with their throats.

Fiesco. (*In a haughty and contemptuous manner*)—When that is over, I'll no longer detain thee here in Genoa. (*Going, throws him a purse*) This is thy last employment. [Exit.

SCENE VII.

MOOR solus.

(*Taking up the purse slowly, and looking after FIESCO with surprise*) Are we then on these terms?—"I will detain thee in Genoa no longer"—That is to say, translated from the Christian language into my Heathen tongue "When I am Duke I shall hang up my friend the Moor upon a Genoese gallows."—Hum!—He fears, because I know his tricks, my talk may bring his honour into danger when he is Duke.—When he is Duke? Hold, master Count! That event remains to be considered. Ah! old Doria, thy life is in my hands—Thou art lost unless I warn thee of thy danger. Now if I go and discover the plot, I save the Duke of Genoa no less than his existence and his dukedom, and gain at least this hat full of gold for my reward—(*going, stops suddenly*)—But stay, friend Hassan, Thou art going on a foolish errand. Suppose this scene of riot is prevented, and nothing but *good* is the result—Psha! what a cursed trick my avarice would then have play'd me! Come, Devil, help me to make out what promises the greatest mischief—To cheat Fiesco, or to give up Doria to the dagger. If Fiesco succeeds, then Genoa may prosper—Away!—That must not be. If this Doria escape, then all remains as 'twas before, and Genoa is quiet—That's still worse. Aye, but to see these rebels' heads upon the block!—Hum!—On the other hand, 'twould be amusing to behold the illustrious Dorias in this evening's massacre the victims of a rascally Moor—No—This doubtful question

question a Christian might perhaps resolve, but 'tis too deep a riddle for my Moorish head. I'll go, propose it to some learned man. *[Exit.]*

SCENE VIII.

An Apartment in the House of the Countess IMPERIALI, JULIA, in a Disbaille—GIANETTINO enters agitated.

Gianettino. Good evening, sister.

Julia. (Rising) It must be something extraordinary which brings the Prince of Genoa to his sister.

Gianettino. Sister, you are continually surrounded by butterflies, and I by wasps. How is it possible that we should meet. Let us sit down.

Julia. You almost excite my curiosity.

Gianettino. Sister, when did Fiesco visit you last?

Julia. A strange question!—As if I burthened my memory with such trifles.

Gianettino. However, you must tell me.

Julia. Well—He was here yesterday.

Gianettino. And behaved without reserve?

Julia. As usual.

Gianettino. As much a coxcomb as ever?

Julia. (Offended) Brother!

Gianettino. (More vehemently) I say—as much a coxcomb—

Julia. (Rises, with indignation.)—Sir!—What do you take me for?

Gianettino. (Keeps his seat—sarcastically)—For a mere woman, wrapt up in her nobility. This in confidence. No one is by to hear us.

Julia. (Enraged) “In confidence!”—Impertinent! You presume upon the credit of your uncle. “No one by to hear us!”

Gianettino. Don't be angry, my dear. I'm pleased to hear that Fiesco is still a coxcomb. That's what I wished to know. Your servant—*(going)*.

SCENE

SCENE IX.

The Former—LOMELLINO, entering.

Lomellino. (To JULIA, respectfully) Pardon my boldness, gracious Lady. *(To GIANETTINO.)* Certain affairs which cannot be delayed—

(GIANETTINO takes him aside. JULIA sits down angrily at the Piano-Forte, and plays an Allegro.)

Gianettino. (To LOMELLINO) Is every thing prepared for to-morrow?

Lomellino. Every thing, Prince—But the courier who was dispatched this morning to Levanto, is not yet returned, nor is Spinola arrived. Should he be intercepted—I'm much alarmed—

Gianettino. Fear nothing. You have the list at hand?

Lomellino. (Embarrassed) My Lord—The list?—I do not know—I think 'tis left at home.

Gianettino. Well—Would that Spinola were but here. Fiesco will be found dead in his bed. I have taken measures for it.

Lomellino. But it will cause a great confusion.

Gianettino. In that lies our security. Common crimes but move the blood, and stir it to revenge: atrocious deeds freeze it with terror, and annihilate the faculties of man. You know the fabled power of Medusa's head—They who but looked on it were turned to stone. To animate this stone requires no common effort.

Lomellino. Have you informed the countess of it?

Gianettino. Peace! we must treat more tenderly her attachment to Fiesco. When the fruit is gone, the flavor will be soon forgotten. Come—I expect this evening troops from Milan, and must give orders at the gates for their reception. *(To JULIA)*—Well, sister, has the music charmed away your anger?

Julia. Go! You're a rude unmanner'd creature.

(GIANETTINO going, meets FIESCO.)

SCENE

SCENE X.

FIESCO enters.

Gianettino. (*Stepping back*) Ha !

Fiesco. (*With politeness*) Prince, you spare me a visit which I just now proposed to pay.

Gianettino. And I, too, Count, am pleased to meet you here.

Fiesco. (*Approaching JULIA respectfully*). Your charms, Signora, always surpass expectation.

Julia. Psha ! that's a doubtful compliment—But—I'm in dishabille—Excuse me, Count—(*going*).

Fiesco. Stay, beauteous Lady. An undress best becomes the female form. Permit me to unloose these tresses.

Julia. You men are always apt to create confusion.

Fiesco. (*With a smile to GIANETTINO*) In dress, as in the state—Is it not so ? (*To JULIA.*) This ribbon too is awkwardly put on, Your Laura's skill may strike the eye, but cannot reach the heart. Let me arrange it—(*She sits down, he regulates her dress.*)

Gianettino. (*Aside to LOMELLINO*) Poor fellow !

Fiesco. (*Engaged about her dress*) Surely, Countess, this will be a pattern to all the ladies in Genoa (*leading her to a glass,*) May I have the honor, Signora, of attending you abroad ?

Julia. Dissembling flatterer !—But I've a headache, and will stay at home—

Fiesco. Pardon me, Countess. You *may* be so cruel, but certainly you *will* not.—To-day a company of Florentine comedians arrived at my palace. Most of the Genoese ladies will be present this evening at their performance, and I should be uncertain whom to place in the chief box, without offending others. There is but one expedient—(*making a low bow.*)—If you would condescend, Signora.—

Julia. (*Confused, retiring to a side-apartment*)—
Laura !

H

Gianettino.

Gianettino. (*Approaching FIESCO*) Count, you remember an unpleasant circumstance—

Fiesco. (*Interrupting him*) Prince, I hope we've both forgot it. The actions of us men are regulated by our knowledge of each other. It is my fault that you knew me so imperfectly.

Gianettino. At least, I shall never think of it without begging your pardon from my inmost soul.

Fiesco. Nor I without forgiving you from my inmost soul.—(*JULIA returns, her dress a little altered.*)

Gianettino. Count, I just now recollect that you are going to cruize against the Turks—

Fiesco. This evening we weigh anchor. On that account I had some apprehensions from which my friend Doria's kindness may deliver me.

Gianettino. (*Obsequiously*) Most willingly. Command my utmost influence.

Fiesco. The circumstance might cause a concourse toward the harbour, and about my palace, which the Duke, your uncle, might misinterpret.

Gianettino. (*In a friendly manner*) I'll manage that for you. Continue your preparations, and may success attend your enterprize!

Fiesco. (*With a smile*) I'm much obliged to you.

SCENE XI.

The Former. A GERMAN of the Body Guard.

Gianettino. What's the matter?

German. Passing by the gate of St. Thomas, I observed a number of armed soldiers hastening toward the harbour. The galleys of the Count Fiesco were preparing to put to sea.

Gianettino. Is that all? Trouble yourself no more about it.

German. Very well. From the convent of the Capuchins came also some suspicious people. They stole cautiously across the market-place. From their appearance I should suppose them soldiers.

Gianettino. (*Angrily*) How officious is this block-head!

head!—(*To LOMELLINO, aside*)—These are undoubtedly my Milanese.

German. Does your Grace command that they shall be arrested?

Gianettino. (*Aloud to LOMELLINO*)—Look to them, Lomellino.—(*Vehemently to the GERMAN*) Begone!—'Tis all well—(*Aside to LOMELLINO*) Bid that German beast be silent. [*Exeunt LOMELLINO and GERMAN.*]

Fiesco. (*In another part of the room with JULIA—looks toward GIANETTINO.*) Our friend Doria seems displeased. May I know the reason?

Gianettino. It's no wonder—So troubled as I am with these eternal messages. (*Exit hastily.*)

Fiesco. The play awaits us too, Signora. May I offer you my hand?

Julia. Stay, let me take my cloak. I hope 'tis not a tragical performance. They always haunt me in my dreams.

Fiesco. (*Sarcastically*) Oh!—'Twill excite immoderate laughter.

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

Night. The Court of FIESCO's Palace. The Lamps lighted. Persons carrying in Arms. A Wing of the Palace illuminated. An Heap of Arms on one Side of the Stage.

BOURGOGNINO leading a Band of Soldiers.

Bourgognino.

HALT! Let four centinels be stationed at the great gate. Two at every door of the palace. (*The centinels take their posts.*) Let every one that chooses enter, but none depart. If any one attempt to force his way, run him through! (*Goes with the rest into the palace. The centinels walk up and down. A pause.*)

SCENE II.

ZENTURIONE entering.

Centinel at the Gate. (Calls out) Who goes there?

Zenturione. A Friend of Lavagna. (Goes across the court to the door of the palace on the right.)

Centinel there. Back!

(ZENTURIONE starts, and goes to the door on the left.)

Centinel on the left. Back!

Zenturione. (Stands still with surprize. A pause. Then to the centinel on the left) My friend, which is the way to the theatre?

Centinel,

Centinel. I don't know.

Zenturione. (*Walks up and down with increasing surprise—then to the centinel on the right*) My friend, when does the play begin?

Centinel. I don't know.

Zenturione. (*Astonished, walks up and down: perceives the weapons, alarmed*) Friend, what mean these?

Centinel. I don't know.

Zenturione. (*Wraps himself up in his cloak, frightened*) Strange!

Centinels at the gate. (*Calling out*) Who goes there?

SCENE III.

The Former—ZIBO.

Zibo. (*Entering*) A friend of Lavagna.

Zenturione. Zibo, where are we?

Zibo. What mean you?

Zenturione. Look round you, Zibo!

Zibo. Where?—What?

Zenturione. All the doors are guarded!

Zibo. Here are arms—

Zenturione. No one that will answer—

Zibo. 'Tis strange!

Zenturione. What is it o'clock?

Zibo. Past eight.

Zenturione. How cold it is!

Zibo. Eight was the hour appointed.

Zenturione. (*Shaking his head.*) Things don't go right here.

Zibo. Fiesco means to jest with us—

Zenturione. To-morrow will be the ducal election. Zibo, things don't go right here.

Zibo. Hush! Hush!

Zenturione. The right wing of the palace is full of lights.

Zibo. Do you hear nothing?

Zenturione. A confused murmuring within—and—

Zibo. The sound of clattering arms—

Zenturione.

Zenturione. Horrible! Horrible!

Zibo. A carriage—It stops at the gate.

Centinels at the gate. (*Calling out*) Who goes there?

SCENE IV.

The Former—Four of the ASSERATO Family.

Afferato. (*Entering*) A friend of Fiesco.

Zibo. They are the four Asserati.

Zenturione. Good evening, friends!

Afferato. We are going to the play.

Zibo. A good journey to you!

Afferato. Don't you go with us?

Zenturione. Walk on. We'll only take the air awhile here.

Afferato. 'Twill soon begin. Come! (*Going*)

Centinel. Back!

Afferato. What does this tend to?

Zenturione. (*Laughing*) To keep you from the palace.

Afferato. Here's some mistake—

Zibo. That's plain enough.

(*Music is heard in the right wing.*)

Afferato. Do you hear the symphony?—The comedy is going to begin.

Zenturione. I think it has begun, and we are here to act the fools.

Zibo. I'm not too warm here—I'll go home.

Afferato. Arms here?

Zibo. Poh!—Mere play-house articles.

Zenturione. Shall we stand here waiting, like ghosts upon the banks of Acheron? Come, let us to a tavern.

(*All six go toward the gate.*)

Centinels. (*Calling out loudly*) Back!—Back!—

Zenturione. 'Sdeath! We are caught.

Zibo. My sword shall open a passage—

Afferato.

Afferato. Put it up. The Count's a man of honor.

Zibo. We are betrayed—The comedy was a bait to catch us, and we're entrapp'd.

Afferato. Heaven forbid! I tremble for the event.

SCENE V.

The Former—VERRINA, SACCO, and NOBLES.

Centinels. Who goes there?

Verrina. Friends of the house. (*Seven Nobles enter with him.*)

Zibo. These are his confidants. Now all will be explained.

Sacco. (*In conversation with VERRINA*) 'Tis as I told you. Lascaro is on guard at the St. Thomas Gate, the best officer of Doria, and blindly devoted to him.

Verrina. I'm glad of it.

Zibo. (*To VERRINA*) Verrina, you come opportunely to clear up the mystery.

Verrina. How so? What mean you?

Zenturione. We are invited to a comedy.

Verrina. Then we are going the same way.

Zenturione. (*Impatiently*) Yes—The way of all flesh. You see the doors are guarded.—Why guard the doors?

Zibo. Why these centinels?

Zenturione. We stand here like criminals beneath the gallows.

Verrina. The Count will come himself.

Zenturione. 'Twere best that he made haste. My patience begins to fail.

(*All the NOBLES walk up and down in the back-ground.*)

Bourgognino. (*Coming out of the palace, to VERRINA*) How goes it in the harbour?

Verrina. They're all got safe on board.

Bourgognino. The palace is full of soldiers.

Verrina. 'Tis almost nine.

Bourgognino. The Count is long in coming.

Verrina.

Verrina. And yet too quick to gain his wishes—
Bourgognino!—There is a thought which freezes me.

Bourgognino. Father, be not too hasty.

Verrina. It is impossible to be too hasty, where
delay is fatal. I must commit my second murder, to
justify the first.

Bourgognino. But—When must Fiesco fall?

Verrina. When Genoa is free.

Centinels. Who goes there?

SCENE VI.

The Former—FIESCO.

Fiesco. (*Entering*) A friend—(*The Nobles bow—
The Centinels present their arms*) Welcome my worthy
guests! You must have been displeased at my long
absence—Pardon me—(*In a low voice to VERRINA.*)
Ready?

Verrina. (*In the same manner*) As you would
with.

Fiesco. (*To Bourgognino*) And you?

Bourgognino. Quite prepared.

Fiesco. (*To Sacco*) And you?

Sacco. All's right.

Fiesco. And Calcagno?

Bourgognino. Is not yet arrived.

Fiesco. (*Aloud to the Centinels*) Make fast the
gates!—(*He takes off his hat, and steps forward with
dignity toward the assembly*)

My friends—I have invited you hither to a play—
Not as spectators, but to act in it a most important
part—

Long enough have we borne the insolence of Gia-
nettino Doria, and the usurpation of Andreas. My
friends, would we deliver Genoa, no time is to be lost.
For what purpose think you are those twenty galleys
which beset our harbour? For what purpose the alli-
ances which the Dorias have of late concluded? For
what purpose the foreign force which they have drawn
together,

together, even in the heart of Genoa? Murmurs and execrations avail no longer. To save all we must hazard every thing. A desperate disease requires a desperate remedy. Is there one base enough in this assembly, to own an equal for his master?—(*murmurs*)—There is not one whose ancestors did not stand round the cradle of infant Genoa. What—By all that's sacred! What have these two citizens to boast of, that they should urge their daring flight so far above our heads?—(*increasing murmurs*)—Every one of you is loudly called upon to fight the cause of Genoa against its tyrants. No one can yield a hair's breadth of his rights, without betraying the soul of the whole state. (*Interrupted by violent commotions—he proceeds*) You feel your wrongs, then every thing is gained. I have already paved your way to glory—Genoese, will you follow? I am prepared to lead you. Those signs of war which you just now beheld with horror, must awaken your heroism. Your anxious shuddering must warm into a glorious zeal, that you may unite your efforts with this patriotic band to overthrow the tyrant. Success will crown the enterprize, for all our preparations are well arranged. The cause is just, for Genoa suffers. The attempt will render us immortal, for it is vast and glorious—

Zenturione. (*Vehemently agitated*) Enough—Genoa shall be free! Be this our shout of onset against hell itself—

Zibo. And may he who is not roused by it, pant at the slavish oar, till the last trumpet break his chains—

Fiesco. Spoken like men—Now you deserve to know the danger that hung over yourselves and Genoa. (*Gives them the papers of the Moor*) Lights, soldiers! (*The NOBLES croud about the lights and read—FIESCO aside to VERRINA*) Friend, it went as I could wish.

Verrina. Be not too certain. Upon the left I saw countenances that grew pale, and knees that tottered.

Zenturione. (*Enraged*) Twelve senators!—Infernal villainy! Seize each a sword—(*all, except two, eagerly take up the weapons that lie in readiness.*)

Zibo.

Zibo. Thy name too, Bourgognino, is written there.

Bourgognino. Ay, and if heaven permit, it shall be written to-day upon the throat of Gianettino.

Zenturione. Two swords remain—

Zibo. Ah! What say'st thou?

Zenturione. Two amongst us have not taken swords.

Afferato. My brothers cannot bear the sight of blood—pray spare them—

Zenturione. (*Vehemently*) What! Not a tyrant's blood! Tear them to pieces—Cowards! Let the bastards be driven from the republic—(*some of the assembly attack the two Afferati.*)

Fiesco. (*Restraining them*) Cease! Shall Genoa owe its liberty to slaves? Shall our pure gold be debased by this alloy! (*he disengages them*) Gentlemen, you must be content to take up your abode within my palace until our business be decided. (*To the Centinels*) These are your prisoners: you answer for their safety. Guard them with loaded arms. (*They are led off—a knocking heard at the gate.*)

Centinel. Who is without?

Calcagno. (*Without, eagerly*) Open the gate! A friend—for God's sake open!

Bourgognino. It is Calcagno—Heavens! What can this mean!

Fiesco. Open the gate, soldiers.

SCENE VII.

The Former—CALCAGNO, out of Breath.

Calcagno. All's lost! All's lost! Fly every one that can!

Bourgognino. What's lost? Have they flesh of brass, and are our swords made of rushes?

Fiesco. Consider, Calcagno—An error now is fatal.

Calcagno. We are betrayed—Your Moor, Lavagno, is the rascal. I come from the senate-house. He had an audience of the Duke.

Verrina.

Verrina. (*With a resolute tone to the Centinels*) Soldiers, let me rush upon your halberts. I will not perish by the hangman's hands. (*The assembly shew marks of confusion.*)

Fiesco. (*Firmly.*) What are you about? 'Sdeath, Calcagno!—Friends, 'tis a false alarm. (*To Calcagno*) Woman that thou art, to tell these boys this tale.—Thou, too, Verrina—and thou, Bourgognino! Whither would'st thou go?

Bourgognino. Home—to kill my Bertha—and then return to fall with thee.

Fiesco. (*Bursting into a loud laugh*) Stay! Stay! is this the valour that must punish tyrants? Well didst thou play thy part, Calcagno. Did you not perceive that this alarm was my contrivance? Speak, Calcagno—Was it not my order that you should put these Romans to this trial?

Verrina. Well, if you can laugh, I'll believe you—or you must be more than mortal—

Fiesco. Shame on you, men, to fail in such a boyish trial! Resume your arms—you must fight most bravely to atone for this disgrace. (*In a low tone to Calcagno*) Were you there yourself?

Calcagno. I made my way among the guards, to hear, as was my business, the watch-word from the Duke. As I was returning the Moor was brought—

Fiesco. (*Aloud*) So the old man is gone to bed—We'll drum him out of his feathers—(*Low*) Did he talk long with the Duke?

Calcagno. (*Low*) My sudden fright, and your impending danger, drove me away in haste.—

Fiesco. (*Aloud*) See, how our countrymen still tremble—

Calcagno. (*Aloud*) You should have carried on the jest. (*Low*) For God's sake, friend, what will this artifice avail us?

Fiesco. 'Twill gain us time, and dissipate the first panic. (*Aloud*) Ho! bring wine here! (*Low*) Did the Duke turn pale? (*Aloud*) Well, brothers, let us drink success to this night's entertainment! (*Low*) Did the Duke turn pale?

Calcagno.

Calcagno. The Moor's first word must have been *Conspiracy* ; for the old man step'd back as pale as ashes.

Fiesco. (Confused) Hum! the devil is an artful counsellor : the Moor was cunning, he betrayed nothing till the knife was at their throat. Now he's indeed their saviour. (*Wine is brought, he drinks to the assembly*)—Comrades, success! (*A knocking is heard.*)

Centinels. Who is without ?

A Voice. A guard of the Duke's. (*The Nobles disperse about the court.*)

Fiesco. (Stepping forward) No, my friends. Be not alarm'd—I am here—Quick, remove these arms—Be men, I entreat you—This visit makes me hope, that Andreas still doubts our plot. Retire into the palace : recall your spirits. Soldiers, throw open the gate! (*They retire, the gate is opened.*)

SCENE VIII.

FIESCO. (As if coming from the Palace) Three German Soldiers bringing The MOOR, bound.

Fiesco. Who call'd for me ?

Germans. Bring us to the Count.

Fiesco. The Count is here, who wants me ?

German (Presenting his arms) Greeting from the Duke—he delivers up to your Grace, this Moor in chains, who hath basely slander'd you : the rest this note will tell.

Fiesco. (Takes it with an air of indifference) Have I not threaten'd thee already with the gallies? (*To the German*) Very well, my friend, my respects to the Duke.

Moor. (Hallooing after them) Mine too—and tell him, the Duke, I mean, had he not made an ass his messenger, he would have learnt that two thousand soldiers are concealed within these palace walls.

[*Exunt Germans, the Nobles return.*]

SCENE

SCENE IX.

FIESCO—the Conspirators—MOOR, (*looking at them unconcerned.*)

The Conspirators. (*Shuddering at the sight of the Moor*) Ha ! what means this ?

Fiesco. (*After reading the note, with suppressed anger*) Genoese, the danger is past—but the conspiracy is likewise ended—

Verrina. What ! (*astonished*) Are the Dorias dead ?

Fiesco. (*Violently agitated*) By heavens ! I was prepar'd to encounter the whole force of the republic, but not this blow. This old nerveless man, with his pen, annihilates three thousand soldiers. (*His hands sink down*) Doria overcomes Fiesco !

Bourgognino. Speak, Count, we are amaz'd !

Fiesco. (*Reading*) “Lavagna, your fate resembles mine ; benevolence is rewarded with ingratitude. The Moor informs me of a plot : I send him back to you in chains, and shall sleep to-night without a guard.” (*He drops the paper—the rest look at each other.*)

Verrina. Well, Fiesco ?

Fiesco. (*With dignity*) Shall Doria surpass me in magnanimity ? Shall the race of Fiesco want this one virtue ? No, by my life—Disperse—I'll go, and own the whole—

Verrina. (*Stopping him*) Art thou mad ? Was then our enterprise some thievish act of villainy ? Stay ! Was it not our country's cause ? Stay ! Was Andreas the object of thy hatred, and not the tyrant ? Stay ! I arrest thee as a traitor to thy country.

Conspirators. Bind him, throw him down—

Fiesco. (*Snatching up a sword, and making way through them*) Peace ! Who will be the first to throw the cord around the Tiger ?—See, Genoese, I stand here at liberty, and might depart unhurt ; but I will not depart. My resolution's chang'd.

I

Bourgognino.

Bourgognino. Have you consulted the voice of duty?

Fiesco. (*Haughtily*) Boy, thou may'st learn from my example not to dictate to me—Peace, Genoese! our plan remains unalter'd. (*To the Moor, whose cords he cuts with a sword.*) Thou hast had the merit of creating a noble act—Fly!—

Calcagno. (*Enraged*) What! shall that scoundrel live, who has betray'd us all!

Fiesco. Live—though he has frighten'd all of you. Away, my lad! See that thou turn thy back on Genoa: they might wish to exercise their bravery upon thee.

Moor. So then, the devil does not forsake his friends. Your servant, Gentlemen. I see that Italy does not produce my halter; I must go seek elsewhere for it. [*Exit laughing.*]

SCENE X.

FIESCO—*Conspirators*—*Enter Servant.*

Servant. The Countess Imperiali has already ask'd three times for your Grace.

Fiesco. Ha! then the comedy must indeed begin. Tell her I come directly. Desire my wife to hasten to the concert room, and there remain conceal'd behind the tapestry. (*Exit servant.*) In these papers your several stations are appointed: let each but act his part, the plan is perfect. Verrina will lead the forces to the harbour, and when the ships are seiz'd, will fire a shot, as signal for the general attack. I now leave you, upon important business: when you shall hear a bell, come all together to my concert-room. Meanwhile enjoy my Cyprian wine within. (*They depart into the palace.*)

SCENE

SCENE XI.

The Concert-Room—LEONORA, ARABELLA, and ROSA. (In apparent anxiety.)

Leonora. Fiesco promis'd to meet me here, and comes not. 'Tis past eleven. The sound of arms and men rings through the palace, and no Fiesco comes.

Rosa. You must conceal yourself behind the tapestry—What can the Count intend?

Leonora. He directs me, and I obey. Why should I fear? And yet I tremble, Arabella, and my heart beats with apprehension. Damsels, for Heaven's sake, do not leave me.

Arabella. Fear nothing: we are too timid to abandon you.

Leonora. Where'er I turn my eyes, strange shapes appear, with hollow and distracted countenances. On whomsoever I call, they tremble like criminals, and withdraw from sight, into the thickest gloom, a fit retreat for guilty consciences. Whate'er they answer falls from the trembling tongue in doubtful accents. Oh, Fiesco! what horrid business dost thou meditate! Ye heavenly powers! watch over my Fiesco!

Rosa. Oh, heavens! what noise is that without?

Arabella. It is the soldier who stands there as sentinel. (*The sentinel without calls "Who goes there?"*)

Leonora. Some one approaches. Quick! behind the curtain—(*they conceal themselves.*)

SCENE XII.

JULIA, and FIESCO, in Conversation.

Julia. Cease, Count! Your passion no longer meets with an indifferent ear, but fires the raging blood. Where am I? Nought but seducing night is here. Whither has your artful conversation led me?

Fiesco. To this spot, where timid love grows bold, and where emotions mingle unrestrained.

Julia. Hold, Fiesco! for Heaven's sake say no more! 'Tis the thick veil of night alone, which hides the glowing crimson of my cheeks, else would'st thou pity me.

Fiesco. Rather, Julia, thy blushes would inflame my feelings, and urge them to their utmost height. (*Kisses her hand eagerly.*)

Julia. Thy countenance is glowing as thy words. Ah! and my own too, burns with guilty fire. Hence, I intreat thee, let us seek the light. The tempting darkness might lead astray the senses, and in the absence of the modest day, might stir them to rebellion. Haste, I conjure thee, leave this solitude!

Fiesco. (*More pressing*) Why so alarm'd, my love? you know your empire over me.

Julia. O man, eternal paradox! then are you truly conquerors, when you bow as captives before our self-conceit. Shall I confess, Fiesco? It was my vice alone that could protect my virtue: it was my pride that sav'd my honor. Thus far my principles prevailed: your arts were foiled until you rous'd my blood—then vanish'd principle—

Fiesco. (*With levity*) And what loss was that?

Julia. (*With emotion*) What loss! no less than all, if I yield up my honor a slave to thy caprice.

Fiesco. And yet, my Julia, where could'st thou bestow more worthily this treasure, than on my endless passion?

Julia. Most worthily! most unprofitably.—How long, Fiesco, will this endless passion last? But I've advanc'd too far to hesitate. In my charms I trusted to captivate thee. To preserve thy love, I fear they'll prove too weak. Alas! what am I saying! (*Hides her face with her hands.*)

Fiesco. You have urg'd two groundless charges, at once accusing your charms, and my fidelity. Which is the greatest crime?

Julia. (*Tenderly*) Deceit is base. Fiesco needs it not to gain his Julia. (*After a pause, energetically*) Hear,

Hear, Fiesco! One word more.—When we know our virtue is in safety, we are heroines; in its defence, no more than children; (*wildly*) Furies when we avenge it. Hear me! Should'st thou strike me to the heart with coldness—

Fiesco. (*Assuming an angry tone*) Coldness, coldness! Heavens! what does the insatiable vanity of woman look for, if she even doubt the man that prostrate in the dust adores her?—Ha! my spirit is awaken'd: my eyes at length are opened. (*With an air of coldness*) What was this mighty sacrifice? Man dearly purchases a woman's highest favors by the slightest degradation. (*Bowing ceremoniously*) Take courage, Madam: you are safe.

Julia. (*With astonishment*) Count! what mean you?

Fiesco. (*With great indifference*) True, Madam—You judge most rightly: we both have risk'd our honor. (*Bowing politely*) I will await your presence with my guests. (*Going.*)

Julia. (*Stops him*) Stay, art thou mad? Must I then declare a passion, which the whole race of man, upon their knees, in tears, should not extort from my determined pride? Alas! in vain the darkness strives to hide the blushes which betray my guilt—Fiesco—I wound the pride of all my sex—my sex will all detest me—Fiesco—I adore thee—

Fiesco. (*Stepping back, and laughing with exultation*) That I am sorry for, Signora—(*rings the bell—draws the tapestry, and discovers LEONORA*) Here is my wife—A lovely woman! (*embracing her.*)

Julia. (*With a shriek*)—Unheard of treachery!

SCENE XIII.

The CONSPIRATORS, entering in a Body—LADIES, on the other side,—FIESCO, JULIA and LEONORA.

Leonora. Oh, my husband, that was too cruel!

Fiesco. A wicked heart deserved no less. I ow'd this satisfaction to your tears. (*To the company*) No, my friends—I am not wont to kindle with the flames

of irritation. The follies of mankind amuse me long ere they excite my anger; but this woman merits my whole resentment. Behold the poison which she had mingled for my Leonora. (*Shews the poison to the company—they start with horror.*)

Julia. (*Biting her lips with rage*) Good! Good! Very good, Sir! (*Going*)

Fiesco. (*Leads her back by the arm*) You must have patience, Madam; something else remains.—My friends, perhaps, would gladly learn why I debased my reason with the farce of love for this unworthy woman.

Julia. (*Starting up*) It is not to be borne—But tremble! Doria rules in Genoa—And I am his sister—

Fiesco. Poor, indeed, if that be the only sting. Know that Fiesco, of Lavagna has changed the diadem of your illustrious brother for a halter, and means this night to hang the thief of the republic (*she is struck with terror—he continues with a sarcastic laugh*) Ha! that was unexpected. 'Twas for this purpose that I tried to blind the eyes of the Dorias. For this I stoop'd to a disgusting passion, (*pointing to JULIA.*) For this, (*pointing to LEONORA*) I cast away this precious jewel, and by the shining bait ensnared my prey. I thank you for your complaisance, Signora, (*to JULIA*) and return the trappings of my assumed character. (*delivers her the miniature with a bow.*)

Leonora. (*To FIESCO, in a supplicating manner*) She weeps, my Lodovico. May your Leonora, trembling, intreat you?

Julia. (*Enraged, to LEONORA*) Silence, detested woman!

Fiesco. (*To a servant*) Be alert, my friend: attend this lady. She has a mind to see my prison-chamber. See that none approach to incommode her. The night is cold abroad: the storm which is about to split the stem of the Dorias may, perhaps, too rudely blow against her.

Julia. Curse on thee, black, detested hypocrite! (*Enraged to LEONORA*) Rejoice not thou, in this thy triumph!

triumph! He will destroy thee also, and himself.
Despair! (*rusting out*)

Fiesco. (*To the guests*) You were witnesses: let your report in Genoa preserve my honor. (*To the Conspirators*) Call on me as soon as the cannon gives the signal. (*All the guests retire.*)

SCENE XIV.

LEONORA, and FIESCO.

Leonora. (*Approaching with anxiety.*) Fiesco? Fiesco? I understand but half your meaning; yet I begin to tremble.

Fiesco. (*Significantly*) Leonora! I once saw you yield the place of honor to another female. I saw you in the presence of the nobles, receive the second compliment. Leonora, that sight tormented me. I resolv'd it ne'er should be again—Nor ever shall it be. Do you hear the warlike noise which echoes through my palace? What you suspect, is true. Retire to rest, a Countess—to-morrow I will hail you Dutchess of Genoa.

Leonora. (*Clasping her hands together, and throwing herself into a chair*) O God! My very fears! I am undone—

Fiesco. (*Seriously and with dignity*) Let me speak out, my love. Two of my ancestors wore the triple crown. The blood of the Fiesco's flows not pure, unless beneath the purple. Shall your husband only reflect a borrow'd splendor! (*In a more lively manner*) What! shall he owe his rank to capricious chance alone, which, from the monuments of mouldering greatness, has patch'd up this Fiesco? No, Leonora, I am too proud to accept from others, what my own merits may lay claim to. This night, the hereditary titles of my ancestors shall return to deck their tombs—Lavagna's Counts exist no longer—A race of Princes shall begin.

Leonora. (*Mournfully, and giving way to imagination*) I see my husband fall, transfix'd by deadly wounds

wounds—(*in a hollow voice*) I see them bear towards me, my husband's mangled corpse—(*starting up*) The first—the only ball has struck Fiesco—

Fiesco. (*Tenderly seizing her hand*) Be calm, my love—No ball will strike me—

Leonora. (*Looking stedfastly at him*) Does Fiesco so confidently challenge Heaven—If in the scope of countless possibilities, one lot alone were adverse to thee, that lot might happen, and I should lose my husband—Think that thou venturest Heaven, Fiesco; and though a million chances were against thy loss, would'st thou yet tempt the Almighty, by risking on a die thy hopes of everlasting happiness. No, my husband—When thy whole being is at stake, each throw is blasphemy.

Fiesco. Be not alarmed. Fortune is more my friend.

Leonora. Thinkest thou so, Fiesco? Behold the eager circle intent upon the agitating play, which they call pastime. Observe this sly deceiver, Fortune, how she allures her votary with gradual favors, till heated with success, he turns to rashness, and ventures all upon a single stake. Then, in the important moment, she forsakes him, a prey to wretchedness. Husband, thou goest not to shew thyself to Genoa, and be ador'd—'Tis no light task to rouse the slumbering multitude, and turn them loose, like the unbridled steed, before unconscious of his hoofs. Trust not these rebels. The wise among them, even while they instigate thy valour, fear it: the vulgar worship thee, with senseless but unsteady adoration. Where'er I look, Fiesco is undone.

Fiesco. (*Pacing the room, in great emotion*) To be irresolute, is the most certain danger. He that aspires to greatness, must be daring.

Leonora. Greatness, Fiesco! Alas! thy towering spirit ill accords with the fond wishes of my heart. Should fortune favor thy attempt—should'st thou obtain dominion—Alas! I then shall be but the more wretched.—Condemn'd to misery if thou fail—if thou succeed,

succeed, to misery still greater.—Here is no choice but evil. Unless he gain the Ducal power, Fiesco perishes—if I embrace the Duke, I lose my husband.

Fiesco. I understand you not.

Leonora. Ah! my Fiesco, in the stormy atmosphere that surrounds a throne, the tender plant of love must perish. The heart of man, even of Fiesco, is not vast enough, for two all-powerful Idols—Idols, so hostile to each other.—Love has tears, and feels the tears of others. Ambition has eyes of stone, from which, no drops of tenderness can e'er distil. Love views creation with neglect, except one favor'd object: Ambition with insatiable hunger, rages amid the spoil of nature. Ambition changes the immense world itself, into one dark and horrid prison-house: Love paints in every desert, a visionary paradise. Whenever thou wouldst recline upon my bosom, the cares of empire, the rebellion of vassals, would fright away repose—If I should throw myself into thy arms, thy despot fears would hear a murderer rushing forth to strike thee, and urge thy trembling flight through all the palace. Nay, dark-ey'd suspicion would at last o'erwhelm even domestic concord—If thy Leonora's tenderness should offer thee a refreshing draught, thou would'st with horror push away the goblet, and call it poison—

Fiesco. (*Starting*) Leonora, cease! These thoughts are dreadful.

Leonora. And yet the picture is not finished. Let love be sacrific'd to greatness; let peace of mind be sacrific'd, if but Fiesco remain unchang'd. O God! that thought is torture—An unspotted mind seldom ascends the throne—but far more seldom, does it wield the sceptre uncorrupted. Can he know pity, who is rais'd above the common fears of man? Will he speak the accents of compassion, whose words are followed by the thunder-bolt of law? (*She stops, then timidly advances, and takes his hand with a look of tender reproach*) Prince Fiesco! Those rash projects that spurn the laws of nature, always fall as far below the
dignity

dignity they aspire to, as they have tower'd above humanity.

Fiesco. (*Walking about, much agitated*) Leonora, cease! Reflection is too late—The bridge is rais'd behind me—

Leonora. (*With a look of tenderness*) And why, my husband? The past alone is hopeless. Thou once didst swear (*more reproachfully*) that all thy projects vanished before my beauty. Hypocrite! thou hast forsworn thyself—or else my charms have early wither'd. Ask thy own heart, where lies the blame? (*More ardently, and throwing her arms round him.*) Return, Fiesco! Recall thy wandering mind! Yield to my intreaties! Love shall reward thee. If my heart cannot appease thy insatiate passions, O Fiesco, the diadem will be still poorer—Come, I'll learn the inmost wishes of thy heart—We'll melt together all the charms of nature, into one kiss of love, to retain for ever, in these heavenly bonds, the illustrious captive. As thy heart is infinite, so shall be my passion. To be the source of happiness to a being, who places all its heaven in thee, Fiesco!—

Fiesco. (*With great emotion*) Leonora—what hast thou done? (*he falls about her neck*) I shall never more dare to meet the eyes of Genoa's citizens.

Leonora. (*With lively expression*) Let us fly, Fiesco! Let us with scorn reject these gaudy nothings; and pass our happy days only in the retreats of love! (*she presses him to her breast with rapture*) Our souls serene as the unclouded sky, shall never more be blacken'd by the pois'nous breath of sorrow: our life shall flow harmoniously as the music of the murmuring brook. (*A cannon-shot is heard—FIESCO disengages himself—all the conspirators enter.*)

SCENE XIV.

Conspirators. The moment is arrived.

Fiesco. (*To LEONORA firmly*) Farewell, for ever, unless Genoa to-morrow be laid subject at thy feet. (*Going to rush out.*)

Bourgognino.

Bourgognino. (*Cries out*) The Countess faints!
(*LEONORA in a swoon—all run to support her.*)

Fiesco. (*Kneeling before her, in a tone of despair*)
Leonora! Save her! For Heaven's sake, save her!
(*ROSA and ARABELLA run to her assistance*) She lives
—she lives—(*Jumps up resolutely*) Now let us seek
Doria! (*CONSPIRATORS rush out.*)

END OF THE FOURTH ACT.

ACT

ACT V.

SCENE I.

After Midnight. The great Street of Genoa. A few Lamps, almost extinguished. In the Back-ground is seen the Gate of St. Thomas, which is shut. Men pass over the Stage with Lanterns. The Patrol go their Round. Afterwards, every thing is quiet, except the Waves of the Sea, which are heard at a Distance, rather tempestuous.

FIESCO (*entering armed, and stopping before the Doria Palace*) and ANDREAS.

Fiesco.

THE old man has kept his word. The lights are all extinguish'd in the palace—The guards dismiss'd—I'll ring. (*Rings at the gate*) Ho! Halloo! Awake, Doria! Thou art betray'd. Awake! Halloo! Halloo!

Andreas. (Appearing on the balcony) Who rings there?

Fiesco. (In a feigned voice) Ask not, but follow me! Duke, thy star has set; Genoa is in arms against thee. The executioners are near, and canst thou sleep, Andreas?

Andreas. (With dignity) I remember when the sea contended with my gallant vessel—when her keel crack'd, and the wind split her topmast. Andreas then slept soundly. Who sends these executioners?

Fiesco. A man more dreadful than the raging sea, of whom thou speakest—John Louis Fiesco.

Andreas. (Laughs) You jest, my friend. Come
in

in the day-time to play your tricks. Midnight suits them badly.

Fiesco. Do you mock your preserver?

Andreas. I thank him, and retire to rest. Fiesco, wearied with his rioting, sleeps regardless of Doria.

Fiesco. Wretched old man! Trust not the artful serpent. Its back is deck'd with beauteous colours; but when you would approach to view it, you are suddenly entwined within its deadly folds. You laugh'd at the perfidious Moor. Do not despise the counsels of a friend. A horse stands ready saddled for you—Fly, while you have time.

Andreas. Fiesco has a noble mind. I never injured him, and he will never betray me.

Fiesco. Fiesco has a noble mind, yet he betrays thee.

Andreas. There is a guard, which would defy Fiesco's power, unless he led against them legions of spirits.

Fiesco. (*Contemptuously*) That guard will quickly visit the regions of eternity.

Andreas. (*In an elevated manner*) Vain babbler! Knowest thou not that Andreas has seen his eightieth year, and that Genoa beneath his rule is happy? (*Leaves the balcony.*)

Fiesco. (*Looks after him with astonishment*) Must I then destroy this man, before I have learnt how difficult it is to equal him? (*He walks up and down some time in meditation*) Hum!—'Tis past, Andreas. I have repaid the debt of greatness. Destruction, take thy course! (*He hastens into a remote street. Drums are heard on all sides. A hot engagement at the St. Thomas Gate. The gate is forced, and opens a prospect into the harbour, in which lie several ships with lights on board.*)

SCENE II.

GIANETTINO (*in a scarlet Mantle*)—LOMELLINO
—(*Servants going before them with Torches.*)

Gianettino. (*Stops*) Who was it that commanded the alarm to be beat?

K

Lomellino.

Lomellino. A cannon was fired on board one of the gallies.

Gianettino. The slaves will break their chains.

(Firing heard at the Gate of St. Thomas.)

Lomellino. Hark!—A shot!

Gianettino. The Gate is open. The guards are in confusion! *(To the Servants)*—Quick, scoundrels! Light us to the harbour. *(Going hastily toward the gate.)*

SCENE III.

The Former. BOURGOGNINO with some CONSPIRATORS coming from the Gate of St. Thomas.

Bourgognino. Sebastian Lascaro was a brave soldier; he defended himself like a bear, 'till he fell.

Gianettino. *(Steps back frightened)* What do I hear?—*(to his servants)* Stop!

Bourgognino. Who are those yonder with torches?

Lomellino. *(To GIANETTINO)* Prince, they are enemies. Turn to the left.

Bourgognino. *(Calls to them eagerly.)*—Who goes there with the torches?

Zenturione. Stand! Your watch-word?

Gianettino. *(Draws his sword fiercely)* Submission, and Doria—

Bourgognino. *(Foaming with rage)* Violator of the republic, and of my bride! *To the CONSPIRATORS, rushing upon GIANETTINO*—Brothers, this shortens our labor. His devils themselves deliver him into our hands—*(runs him through with his sword).*

Gianettino. *(Falling)* Murder! Revenge me, Lomellino—

Lomellino & Servants. *(Flying)*—Help! Murder! Murder!

Zenturione. *(Hallooing with vehemence)* Doria's struck. Stop the Count Lomellino!—LOMELLINO is taken.)

Lomellino

Lomellino. (*Kneeling*) Spare but my life, I'll join your party.

Bourgognino. (*Looking at GIANETTINO*) Is this monster yet alive? Let the coward fly. (*LOMELLINO escapes.*)

Zenturione. St. Thomas' Gate our own—Gianettino slain.—Haste some of you, and tell Fiesco.

Gianettino. (*Heaving himself from the ground in agony*) Fiesco! Damnation!——(*Dies.*)

Bourgognino. (*Pulling the sword out of GIANETTINO's body*) Freedom to Genoa, and to my Bertha! Your sword, Zenturione.—Take to my bride this bloody weapon—Her dungeon is thrown open. I'll follow thee, and give her the bridal kiss. (*they separate through different streets.*)

SCENE IV.

ANDREAS DORIA—GERMANS.

A German. The storm drove that away. Mount your horse, Duke.

Andreas. Let me cast a parting look at Genoa's towers. No—It is not a dream. Andreas is betray'd.

German. The enemy is all round us.—Away!—Fly!—Beyond the boundaries.

Andreas. (*Throwing himself upon the dead body of his nephew*) Here will I die. Let no one talk of flight. Here lies the strength of my old age—My career is ended.

(*CALCAGNO appears at a distance, with CONSPIRATORS.*)

German. Danger is near. Fly, Prince! (*Drums beat.*)

Andreas. Hark, Germans, hark! These are the Genoese whose chains I broke. (*Hiding his face*) Do your countrymen thus recompense their benefactors?

German. Away! Away! Away! While we stay here and find employment for their swords—

CALCAGNO

(CALCAGNO comes nearer.)

Andreas. Save yourselves!—Leave me—and go, declare the horrid story to the shuddering nations, that Genoa slew its Father.

German. Slew! 'sdeath, that shall not be. Comrades, stand firm: surround the Duke. (*They draw their swords.*) Teach these Italian dogs to reverence his grey head.

Calcagno. (*Calls out*) Who goes there? What have you?

German. German blows—retreat fighting, and carry off the body of GIANETTINO.

SCENE V.

LEONORA—ARABELLA following—(*they walk along timidly.*)

Arabella. Come, my Lady, pray let us hasten onward.

Leonora. That way the tumult rages—Hark! was not that a dying groan? Ah, they surround him! At Fiesco's breast they point their fatal muskets—At my breast they point them. Hold! Hold! It is my husband.

Arabella. For Heaven's sake, my Lady!

Leonora. (*With wild enthusiasm, calling on all sides*) Fiesco! my Fiesco! my Fiesco! His firmest friends desert him. The faith of rebels is unsteady—(*shuddering*) Rebels! Heaven! Is my Fiesco then a chief of rebels?

Arabella. No, Signora. He is the great Deliverer of Genoa.

Leonora. (*Emphatically*) Ha! that would indeed be glorious. And shall Leonora tremble? Shall the bravest citizen be wedded to the most timid female? Go, Arabella! When men contend for empires, even a woman's soul may kindle into valour. (*Drums again heard*) I'll rush among the combatants.

Arabella. (*Clasping her hands together*) All-gracious Heaven!

Leonora.

Leonora. Peace! What is that my foot strikes against? Here is a hat. And here a mantle—a sword too! (*she lifts it up*) a heavy sword, my Arabella; but I may drag it with me, and the sword never can disgrace its bearer.

(*The Alarm-Bell sounds.*)

Arabella. Hark! Hark! How terrible it sounds from the tower of the Dominicans! God have mercy on us!

Leonora. (*Enthusiastically*) Rather say, how delightful! In the majestic sound of this alarm-bell my Fiesco speaks to Genoa. (*Drums are heard louder.*) Ha! Never did flutes so sweetly strike my ear. Even these drums are animated by Fiesco. My heart beats higher. All Genoa is roused: the very mercenaries follow his name with transport—and shall his wife be fearful? (*Alarm-bells sound from three other towers.*) No—my hero shall embrace a heroine. My Brutus shall embrace a Roman wife. I'll be his Portia. (*Putting on the hat, and throwing the scarlet mantle round her.*)

Arabella. My gracious Lady, how wildly do you rave! (*Alarm bells and drums are heard.*)

Leonora. Cold-blooded wretch! that dost not rave thyself amidst these scenes—Go—I'll pursue my way alone.

Arabella. Great God! You will not act thus madly?

Leonora. (*With heroic haughtiness*) Weak girl! I will. (*With great animation*) Where the tumult most wildly rages—Where Fiesco himself leads on the combat—I hear them ask, “Is that Lavagna, the unconquered hero; who with his sword decides the lot of Genoa? Is that Lavagna?” Yes, I will say, yes, Genoese, that is Lavagna: and that Lavagna is my husband.

Sacco. (*Entering with CONSPIRATORS, calls out*) Who goes there?—Doria, or Fiesco?

Leonora. (*Boldly*) Fiesco and liberty! (*Retires into another street—A tumult, ARABELLA lost in the crowd.*)

SCENE VI.

SACCO, *with a Number of Followers.* CALCAGNO,
meeting him with others.

Calcagno. Andreas has escaped.

Sacco. Unwelcome tidings to Fiesco.

Calcagno. Those Germans fight like furies. They fixed themselves around the old man like rocks: I could not get a sight of him. Nine of our men are done for: I myself was slightly wounded. Zounds! If they thus serve a foreign tyrant, how will they guard the princes of their country!

Sacco. Numbers have flocked already to our standard, and all the gates are ours.

Calcagno. They fight, I hear, still sharply at the citadel.

Sacco. Bourgognino is amongst them. Where is Verrina?

Calcagno. He guards the passage between Genoa and the sea.

Sacco. I'll rouse the suburbs—

Calcagno. I'll march across the square of Sarzano—
Drummer, strike up! (*They march off, drums beating.*)

SCENE VII.

MOOR. *A Troop of Thieves, with lighted Matches.*

Moor. Now, you rascals, I'll be even with you. 'Twas I that cook'd this soup up for you, and you have driven me from the mess. Well—I care not—We'll set about burning and plundering. Let those fellows squabble for a Dukedom, we'll make a bonfire of the churches, to warm the silver beards of the apostles.

(*They disperse themselves among the neighbouring houses.*)

SCENE VIII.

BOURGOGNINO—BERTHA, *disguised as a Boy.*

Burgognino. Rest here, dear youth: thou art in safety. Dost thou bleed?

Bertha. (*In a feign'd voice*) No—Not at all.

Bourgognino. (*With energy*) Rise then, I'll lead thee where thou may'st gain wounds for Genoa—Wounds beautiful like this. (*Uncovering his arm.*)

Bertha. (*Starting*) Heavens!

Bourgognino. Art thou frighten'd, youth? Too early didst thou put on the man. How old art thou?

Bertha. Fifteen years.

Bourgognino. That is unfortunate. For this night's business thou art five years too young. Who is thy father?

Bertha. The truest citizen in Genoa.

Bourgognino. Peace, boy! That name belongs alone to the father of my betrothed bride. Dost thou know the house of Verrina?

Bertha. I think so.

Bourgognino. (*Eagerly*) And knowest thou his lovely daughter?

Bertha. Her name is Bertha.

Bourgognino. Go, quickly! Carry her this ring. Say it shall be our wedding-ring: and tell her the blue crest fights bravely. Now, farewell! I must hasten yonder—The danger is not over.

(*Some houses are seen on fire.*)

Bertha. (*In a soft voice*) Scipio!

Bourgognino. (*Struck with astonishment*) By my sword I know that voice.

Bertha. (*Falling about his neck*) Am I so well known, then?

Bourgognino. Bertha! (*Alarm-bells sound in the suburbs—a tumult—BOURGOGNINO and BERTHA embrace, and are lost in the crowd*)

SCENE IX.

FIESCO, and ZIBO, from different Sides. Attendants.

Fiesco. (*In great anger*) Who set fire to those houses?

Zibo. The citadel is taken.

Fiesco. Who set those houses on fire?

Zibo.

Zibo. (*To the attendants*) Dispatch a guard to apprehend the villains. (*Some soldiers go.*)

Fiesco. Will they make me an incendiary? Hasten with engines! (*Attendants go*) But Gianettino is surely killed?

Zibo. So they say.

Fiesco. (*Wildly*) They say! Who say? Declare upon your honor, has he escaped?

Zibo. (*Doubtfully*) If I may trust my eyes against the assertion of a nobleman, Gianettino lives.

Fiesco. (*Starting*) Zibo, your words distract me—

Zibo. 'Tis but eight minutes since I saw him in the crowd, drest in his scarlet cloak, and yellow crest.

Fiesco. (*Wildly*) Heaven and hell! Zibo! Bourgognino shall answer for it with his head. Hasten, Zibo! make fast the barriers. Let all the vessels be lock'd together, to hinder his escape by sea. This diamond, Zibo—the richest in Genoa—This diamond shall reward the man who brings me tidings of Gianettino's death. (*ZIBO hastens away*) Fly, Zibo!

SCENE X.

FIESCO, SACCO. THE MOOR. *Soldiers.*

Sacco. We found this Moor throwing a lighted match into the convent of the Jesuits.

Fiesco. Thy treachery was overlook'd, when it concerned myself alone: the halter awaits the incendiary. Take him away, and hang him at the church-door.

Moor. Plague on it—that's an awkward piece of business—Can't one persuade you out of it?

Fiesco. No.

Moor. Send me for a trial to the gallies—

Fiesco. (*Beckoning to the attendants*) To the gibbet.

Moor. (*Impudently*) Then I'll turn Christian.

Fiesco. The Church refuses the dregs of Infidelity.

Moor.

Moor. (*In an insinuating manner*) At least send me drunk into eternity—

Fiesco. Sober.

Moor. Don't hang me up, however, beside a Christian church.

Fiesco. A man of honor keeps his word. I promis'd thee a gallows of thy own.

Sacco. Let us not lose time with this blackguard, we've business of more consequence.

Moor. But—stay—Perhaps the rope may break—

Fiesco. (*To Sacco*) Let it be double.

Moor. Well—If it must be so—The devil may make ready for my reception.

(*Soldiers lead him to execution.*)

SCENE XI.

FIESCO. LEONORA *appearing at a Distance in the scarlet Cloak of GIANETTINO.*

Fiesco. (*Perceiving her, rushes forward—then stops*) Do I not know that crest, and mantle? (*rushes on furiously*)—Yes, I know them. (*Runs her through with his sword*) If thou hast three lives, then rise again—(*LEONORA falls with a hollow groan—The march of victory is heard, with drums, horns, and hautboys*)

SCENE XII.

FIESCO—CALCAGNO—SACCO—ZENTURIONE—
ZIBO.

SOLDIERS *with Drums and Colours.*

Fiesco. (*Advancing toward them in triumph*) Genoese, the die is cast. Here lies the viper of my soul, the abhorred food of my resentment. Lift high your swords—Gianettino is no more.

Calcagno. And I come to inform you, that two-thirds of Genoa have declared for our party, and swear obedience to Fiesco's standard.

Zibo. By me Verrina sends his greeting to you from the demiral's galley, with the dominion of the sea.

Zenturione.

Zenturione. By me the governor of the city sends his keys, and staff of office.

Sacco. And in me, (*kneeling*) the less and greater senate of the republic kneel down before their master, and supplicate for favour and protection.

Calcagno. Let me be the first to welcome the illustrious conqueror within his walls—Bow your colours. Hail, Duke of Genoa!

All. (*Taking off their hats*) Hail! Hail, Duke of Genoa!—*March of triumph*—FIESCO stands the whole time with his head sunk upon his breast, in a meditating posture.)

Calcagno. The people and the senate wait to see their gracious sovereign invested in the robes of dignity. Great Duke, permit us to follow you in triumph to the senate-house.

Fiesco. First allow me to listen to the dictates of my heart. I was obliged to leave a most dear person in anxious apprehension—A person who will share with me the glory of this night. (*To the company*) Will you, my friends, attend me to your amiable Dutchess. (*going*)

Calcagno. Shall this murderous villain lie here, and hide his infamy in obscurity?

Zibo. Let his mangled carcase sweep the streets—
(*They hold lights toward the body.*)

Calcagno. (*Terrified, and in a low voice*) Look, Genoese! By heavens, this is not the face of Gianettino!

(*All look at the body*)

Fiesco. (*Fixes his eyes upon it with an eager look, which he withdraws slowly—then with convulsive wildness exclaims*) No, ye devils!—That is not the face of Gianettino—Malicious devils! (*rolling his eyes*) Genoa mine, say you? Mine? (*rushing forward with a dreadful shriek*) Mockery of hell! It is my wife. (*He sinks to the ground in agony—The CONSPIRATORS stand around in groups, shuddering—A dead silence.*)

Fiesco. (*Raising himself, exhausted—in a faint voice*) Have I slain my wife, Genoese? I conjure you, look not so ghastly upon this illusion! Heaven be praised,
man

man has not to fear such evils, because he is but man. Internal tortures cannot be his lot, who is incapable of godlike pleasures. Genoese, can this be aught but a disordered fancy? (*With a forced calmness*) Thank Heaven, it is no more.

SCENE XIII.

The former—ARABELLA enters weeping.

Arabella. Let them kill me! What have I more to lose? Have pity on me, Genoese—'Twas here I left my dearest mistress, and no-where can I find her.

Fiesco. (*Approaching her—with a low and trembling voice*) Was Leonora thy mistress?

Arabella. (*With pleasure*) Are you there, my good Lord? Be not displeased with us. We could not restrain her.

Fiesco. Restrain her! Wretch! From what?

Arabella. From following—

Fiesco. From following what?

Arabella. The tumult—

Fiesco. What was her dress?

Arabella. A scarlet mantle.

Fiesco. (*In a transport of rage*) Get thee to the abyss of hell!—The mantle?

Arabella. Lay here upon the ground.

Some of the Conspirators. (*Talking apart*) 'Twas here that Gianettino was kill'd.

Fiesco. (*Ready to faint—To ARABELLA*) Thy mistress is found (*ARABELLA advances anxiously—FIESCO casts his eyes round the whole circle—then with a faltering voice*) 'Tis true—'Tis true—And I am the instrument of this horrid crime—(*Madly*) Away with ye, countenances of men! (*To the others that stand around trembling*) See, how they stand there, a miserable race! meanly rejoicing, that they are not like me. I alone feel the blow. (*Wildly*) I!—why I?—Why not these together with me? Why is not my sorrow lighten'd by being shared with others?

Calcagno. (*Timidly*) Most gracious Duke!

Fiesco.

Fiesco. (*Advances toward him with a look of horrid joy*) Ha! Welcome! Here, Heaven be thank'd, is one whom the same thunderbolt has struck—(*pressing CALCAGNO furiously in his arms*) Brother of my sorrows! Come, and share their keenest pang. She's dead—Did'st not thou also love her? (*forcing him toward the dead body*) Despair! She's dead—(*Fixing his eyes earnestly on one part of the stage*)—Oh, that I could stand upon the brink of the eternal gulph, and view below all hell's variety of torments! Could hear the horrid shrieks of howling fiends!—Let my own torture be placed before me in a visible form, and I perhaps may bear it. (*Approaching to the body, trembling*) Here lies my murder'd wife—Nay—Nay—The wife that I myself have murdered—Ha! Hell itself will shudder at this deed. I was allured up to the topmost pinnacle of joy—To the very entrance of Heaven—Then—In an instant down—Then—Pestilence upon it!—Then, I murdered my beloved wife—Fool that I was to trust two erring eyes! O fiends, this is your master-piece of torture!

(*All the CONSPIRATORS lean upon their swords, much afflicted—A pause—*)

Fiesco. (*Exhausted, and looking mournfully round the circle*) Yes, by heavens! They who dared to lift their swords against their Prince, shed tears. (*With dejection*) Speak! Do you weep over this havock caused by treacherous death, or over the fall of your commander's spirit? (*Turning toward the dead body, in an affecting posture*) The iron-hearted warriors were melted into tears; but Fiesco uttered the execrations of despair. (*Kneels down, weeping, by her side*) Pardon me, Leonora! The decrees of Heaven are unchangeable: they yield not to mortal anger. (*With a melancholy tenderness*) O Leonora, years ago my fancy painted that triumphant hour, when I should present thee to Genoa as her Duchess—Methought I saw the lovely blush that tinged thy modest cheek—The timid heaving of thy beauteous bosom beneath the snowy gauze—I heard the gentle murmurs of thy voice which died away in rapture.—(*More lively*) Ah, how intoxicating

ting to my soul were the proud acclamations of the people! How did my love rejoice to see its triumph mark'd in the sinking envy of its rivals!—Leonora! The hour which should confirm these hopes is come. Thy Fiesco is Duke of Genoa—And yet the meanest beggar would not exchange his poverty for my greatness, and my sufferings. (*More affected*) He has a wife to share his troubles—With whom can I share my splendor? (*he weeps bitterly, and hides his face against the dead body—Compassion marked upon the countenance of all.*)

Calcagno. She was a lady of most virtuous excellence.

Zibo. The event must be concealed from the people. 'Twould damp the ardour of our party, and elevate the enemy with hope.

Fiesco. (*Rises, collected and firm*) Now, hear me, Genoese, Providence, if rightly I interpret its designs, has struck me with this wound, to try my heart for my approaching greatness. The blow was terrible.—Since I have felt it; I fear neither torture, nor pleasure.—Come! Genoa, you say, awaits me—I will give to Genoa a Prince more truly great than Europe ever saw. Away!—for this unhappy Princess I will prepare a funeral so splendid, that life shall lose its charms, and cold corruption shall glitter like a bride. Follow your Duke!—

[*Exeunt, with music and colours.*]

SCENE XIV.

ANDREAS—LOMELLINO.

Andreas. Yonder they go, with shouts of exultation.

Lomellino. They are intoxicated with success. The gates are deserted, and all are hastening toward the senate-house.

Andreas. It was my nephew only that could check that unruly animal, the populace. My nephew is no more. Hear, Lomellino!

L

Lomellino.

Lomellino. What, Duke, do you still cherish hopes?

Andreas. (*Earnestly*) Villain, thou mock'st me with the name of Duke, when all my hopes are past.

Lomellino. My gracious Lord, a rebellious nation lies in Fiesco's scale; but what in yours?

Andreas. (*With dignity and animation*) Heaven.

Lomellino. (*Shrugging up his shoulders.*) The times are past, my Lord, when armies fought under celestial leaders.

Andreas. Wretch, that thou art! Wouldst thou bereave an aged head of its support, its God! (*In an earnest and commanding tone*) Go! Make it known through Genoa, that Andreas Doria is still alive. Say that Andreas entreats the citizens, his children, not to drive him out, in his old age, to dwell with foreigners, who ne'er would pardon the exalted state to which he rais'd his country. Say this—And further say, Andreas begs but so much ground within his country, as may contain his bones.

Lomellino. I obey—But I despair of success. (*going*)

Andreas. Stay—Take with thee this snowy lock, and say, it was the last upon my head—Say that I tore it from me on that night, when ungrateful Genoa tore itself from my heart—For fourscore years it hung upon my temples, and now has left my bald head chill'd with the winter of age—The lock is brittle, but 'twill suffice to fasten the purple on that young usurper.—(*Exit—LOMELLINO hastens into another street—Shouts are heard, with trumpets and drums.*)

SCENE XV.

VERRINA (*coming from the Harbour*)—BERTHA
and BOURGOGNINO.

Verrina. What mean those shouts?

Bourgognino. They proclaim Fiesco Duke.

Bertha. (*Timidly to BOURGOGNINO*)—Scipio! My father's looks are dreadful—

Verrina. Leave me alone, my children—O Genoa! Genoa!

Bourgognino.

Bourgognino. The populace adores him, and with transports hail'd him their Duke—The nobles look'd on with horror, but dared not oppose it.

Verrina. My son, I have sold all my property, and sent the gold on board the vessel. Take thy wife with thee, and set sail immediately. Perhaps I soon shall follow—Perhaps—But no more.—Hasten to Marseilles, and (*embracing them mournfully and with energy*)—May the Almighty guide you! (*Exit hastily.*)

Bertha. For Heaven's sake, on what dreadful project does my father brood?

Bourgognino. Didst thou understand thy father?

Bertha. He bade us fly.—Great God! Fly on the day of marriage!

Bourgognino. He spoke it, and we must obey.

[*Exeunt toward the harbour.*]

SCENE XVI.

VERRINA, and FIESCO (*in the Ducal Habit*) meeting.

Fiesco. Welcome, Verrina! I was anxious to meet thee.

Verrina. I also sought Fiesco.

Fiesco. Does Verrina perceive no alteration in his friend?

Verrina. (*With reserve*) I wish for none.

Fiesco. But do you see none?

Verrina. (*Without looking at him*) I should hope not.

Fiesco. I ask, do you perceive none?

Verrina. (*After a slight glance*) None.

Fiesco. See, then, how idle is the observation, that power makes a Tyrant. Since we parted, I am become the Duke of Genoa, and yet Verrina (*pressing him to his bosom*) finds my embrace still glowing as before.

Verrina. I grieve that I must return it coldly. The sight of majesty falls like a keen-edged weapon, cutting off all affection, between the Duke and me.—To John Louis Fiesco belong'd the territory of my heart. Now he has conquered Genoa, I resume that poor possession.

Fiesco.

Fiesco. (*With astonishment*) Forbid it Heaven ! That price is too enormous even for a Dukedom.

Verrina. (*Muttering*) Hum ! The worth of liberty is surely little known, when the whole state is thus easily yielded up to an usurper !

Fiesco. (*Bites his lips*) Verrina, say this to no one, but to Fiesco.

Verrina. O wondrous ! Great indeed is that mind, which can hear the voice of truth without being offended—Alas ! The cunning gamester has failed in one single card. He calculated all the chances of envious opposition, but overlook'd one antagonist, the *Patriot*—(*very significantly*) And yet perhaps to crown the game, one glorious turn remains, and the oppressor of liberty may shew his skill in overwhelming Roman virtue. I swear it by the living God, posterity shall sooner collect my mouldering bones from off the wheel, than from a sepulchre within that country which is govern'd by a Duke.

Fiesco. (*Taking him tenderly by the hand*) Not even when thy brother is the Duke ? Not if he should make his principality the treasury of that benevolence, which was restrain'd by his domestic poverty ?

Verrina. No—Not even then—We pardon not the robber because he gave away his plunder ; nor is it such generosity that suits Verrina. I might receive a benefit from my fellow-citizen, for, I should hope, that to my fellow-citizen I might at some time make an adequate return. That which a Prince confers is bounty ; but merely unpurchased bounty I would receive from God alone.

Fiesco. It were as easy to tear Italy from the bosom of the ocean, as to shake this stubborn fellow from his prejudices.

Verrina. Well may'st thou talk of tearing : thou hast torn the republic from Doria, as a lamb from the jaws of the wolf, only that thou mightest devour it thyself—But enough of this—Tell me, Duke, what crime the poor wretch committed, that thou ordered to be hung up at the Church of the Jesuits ?

Fiesco. The scoundrel set fire to the city.

Verrina.

Verrina. Yet the scoundrel left the laws untouch'd.

Fiesco. Verrina intrudes upon my friendship.

Verrina. Away with friendship!—I tell thee I no longer love thee. I swear to thee that I hate thee—hate thee like the serpent of Paradise that first disturb'd the happiness of creation, and brought upon mankind unbounded sorrow. Hear me, Fiesco! I speak to thee, not as a subject to his master, not as a friend to his friend; but as man to man—(*With sharpness and vehemence*) Thou hast committed a crime against the majesty of the eternal God, in permitting virtue to lead thy hands to wickedness, and in suffering the patriots of Genoa to violate their country.—Fiesco, had thy villainy deceived me also—Fiesco, by all the horrors of eternity! with my own hands I would have strangled myself, and on thy head the venom of my departing soul should have been sprinkled.—A princely crime may crush the scales of human justice; but thou hast insulted Heaven, and the last judgment will decide the cause.

(*FIESCO remains speechless, looking at him with astonishment.*)

Verrina. Do not attempt to answer me. Now we have done. (*After walking several times up and down*) Duke of Genoa, in the vessels of the yesterday's tyrant, I have seen a miserable race, who, at every stroke of their oars, ruminate upon their former guilt, and weep their tears into the ocean, which, like a rich man, is too proud to count them. A good prince begins his reign with acts of pity. Wilt thou release the galley-slaves?

Fiesco. (*Sharply*) Let them be the first-fruits of my tyranny. Go, and announce to them their deliverance.

Verrina. You will enjoy but half the pleasure, unless you see their happiness. Go thither. The great are, seldom witnesses of the evils which they cause. Shall they do good by stealth, and in obscurity? Methinks the Duke is not too great to sympathize with a beggar.

Fiesco.

Fiesco. Man, thou art dreadful ; yet I know not why, I must follow thee. (*Both go toward the sea.*)

Verrina. (*Stops, much affected*) But once more embrace me, Fiesco. Here is no one by, to see Verrina weep, or to behold a Prince give way to feeling—(*he embraces him eagerly*) Surely never beat two greater hearts together (*weeping much on FIESCO's neck*) Fiesco! Fiesco! You make a void in my heart, which not mankind thrice numbered could fill up.

Fiesco. (*Much affected*) Be still my friend.

Verrina. Throw off this hateful purple, and I will be so—The first Prince was a murderer, and assumed the purple to hide the bloody stains of some detested deed. Hear me, Fiesco! I am a warrior, little used to weeping—Fiesco, these are my first tears—Throw off this purple!

Fiesco. Peace!

Verrina. (*More vehemently*) Fiesco, place on the one side all the honors of this globe, and on the other all its tortures: they should not make me kneel before a mortal—Fiesco, (*falling on his knee*) this is the first bending of my knee—Throw off this purple!

Fiesco. Rise, and no longer irritate me!

Verrina. (*In a determined tone*) I rise, and will no longer irritate thee. (*They stand near a board leading to a galley.*)

Verrina. The Prince goes first.

Fiesco. Why do you pull my cloak? It falls—

Verrina. (*With violent sarcasm*) If the purple falls, the Duke must after it. (*He throws him into the sea.*)

Fiesco. (*Calls out of the waves*) Help, Genoa! Help! Help thy Duke! (*sinks.*)

SCENE XVII.

CALCAGNO, SACCO, ZIBO, ZENTURIONE—CONSPIRATORS. *People, (entering in haste, alarmed.)*

Calcagno. (*Crying out*) Fiesco! Fiesco! Andreas—Where is Fiesco?

Verrina. (*In a firm tone*) Drown'd.

Zenturione.

Zenturione. Does hell or madness prompt thy answer?

Verrina. Dead—if that sound better.—I go to join Andreas.

(*The CONSPIRATORS stand in Groups, astonish'd. The Curtain falls.*)

THE END.

